

# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1871.

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## COMPLETION OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.

One of the grandest works of the age, the great tunnel through the Alps between France and Italy, called that of Mont Cenis, although in fact under Mont Fréjus, has been completed.

It was commenced in 1857 from both ends,

and has been carried on steadily ever since, day and night. The Map and Section published elsewhere contain all the data as regards length, depth beneath the surface, and geological character of the rocks penetrated, that the intelligent reader may desire. The shortest railway route from Calais in France, opposite Dover in England, to Brindisi, at the heel of the Italian peninsula, is that which this tunnel

will afford, while connecting the French and Italian systems of railway. Brindisi seems destined to be the great point of departure for Egypt and the East; and from Calais to this port, when the rails through the tunnel are laid, there will be 1,390 miles of uninterrupted railway track of uniform gauge. The total length of the tunnel is about seven and half miles; its greatest depth beneath the

summit of Mont Fréjus 5,460 feet, or a little less than a mile. The rocks penetrated in the tunnel consist of highly metamorphosed material, and no fossils have yet been discovered in them; nothing organic, indeed, has been in any way indicated beyond the existence of anthracite, of which there are beds of some thickness and importance. All the rocks are described as belonging to the jurassic series.



NEW YORK CITY.—CHRISTMAS FESTIVAL AT THE LADIES' MISSION, FIVE POINTS.—DR. LITTIG, AS SANTA CLAUS, WITH MISS SHAFFER AND MISS HELEN MILES, DISTRIBUTING PRESENTS TO THE SCHOOL-CHILDREN, DECEMBER 26TH.—SEE PAGE 300.



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## FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

537 Pearl Street, New York.

FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, JANUARY 14, 1871.

## THE NAUSEOUS BOLUS.

If the annexation of Santo Domingo be not forced through Congress by General Grant at this session, we shall not hear of it again for a long time to come. The President himself appears to be satisfied that it cannot be carried through by the treaty-making power. His experience, last winter, with the Senate, was conclusive on that point. And so he now proposes to accomplish the object by the unprecedented and exceptional mode adopted in the case of Texas, that is to say, by joint resolution—a mode utterly violative of that Constitution for which General Grant has such respect that he conceives the capital can only be removed from its present site by some process akin to the passage of a constitutional amendment.

The passage of Senator Morton's verbose resolutions in the Senate for sending certain Commissioners to spy out the fair land of Santo Domingo, is only a sop thrown to the occupant of the White House by men who have received favors or have favors to ask. Not a man in that august body is intelligently or conscientiously for the annexation of the petty, so-called republic, in which what the Spaniards call *una anarquia mansa*—a mild anarchy—is the highest political condition that has ever been attained. Of the fate of a "joint resolution" in that body there cannot, under any circumstances, be the slightest doubt.

Morton's resolution will doubtless pass the House, for reasons not unlike those which have carried it in the Senate. There will then remain about two months for the authorized Commission to proceed to Santo Domingo to inquire into and ascertain (we quote from the resolution):

"First: The political state and condition of the Dominican Republic. Second: The desire and disposition of the people of the said Republic to become annexed to and form a part of the people of the United States. Third: The physical, mental and moral condition of said people, and their general condition as to material wealth and industrial capacity. Fourth: The resources of the country, its mineral and agricultural products; the products of its waters and forests; the general character of the soil; the extent and proportion thereof capable of cultivation; the climate and health of the country; its bays, harbors, and rivers; its general meteorological character, and the existence and frequency of remarkable meteorological phenomena. Fifth: The debt of the Government and its obligations; whether funded, and ascertained and admitted, or unadjusted and under discussion. Sixth: Treaties or engagements with other powers. Seventh: Extent of boundaries and territories; what proportion is covered by grants or concession, and, generally, what concessions or franchises have been granted. Eighth: The terms and conditions on which the Dominican Government may desire to be annexed and become a part of the United States, as one of the Territories thereof. Ninth: Such other information with respect to said Government or its territories as shall to the said Commissioners seem desirable or important with reference to the future incorporation of the said Dominican Republic into the United States as one of its Territories."

It is possible that some of the President's "aid-de-camps" (names as yet unknown) may be able to perform these trifling duties, and report, before March 4th (we are told by February 10th!) in such terms that all opposition will thereupon cease, and the dusky diamond of the Antilles be added to the National diadem. Two weeks going and coming, two weeks on the island, and two weeks in making up a report, would about use up all the time intervening between this and the 4th of March. Quite, we should say, unless indeed the desired report is already in the President's private drawer.

But, with the political constitution of the next Congress, what possible chance is there of the passage of an obnoxious joint resolution in the House? It is hardly worth calculating.

The fact is, this whole Santo Domingo business has no support in the nation. It is in no way justified by necessity or expediency, or by public sentiment. If the President possessed around him statesmen of weight and experience, instead of mere military associates and obscure lawyers, and, acting on their mature judgment, should declare the annexation of Santo Domingo a great public utility or necessity, then, probably, the public, although taking little interest in the matter, might acquiesce in the measure. But, as it stands, the proposition is not supported by any man out of the White House, except the followers which every President may, for the time being, command, either as actual retainers of office, or as greedy expectants of favors to come. Upon reserves like these such men as Tyler, Fillmore and Johnson relied, believing that they really constituted a party—for none of these ever deceived themselves by supposing that they could rule, and achieve the great object of

their ambition, a re-election, without the backing of some kind of a party.

It may, therefore, be worth General Grant's consideration, in view of his scarcely concealed purpose of being elected to a second term, to keep clear of his native tendency to what, in France, has been called, and has been repudiated, as "personal rule." His future position rests on the favor of the whole party that elected him, and which it is possible to ruin, by an unwarranted pertinacity in regard to measures of at least doubtful propriety. With all the South lost (with the possible exceptions of South Carolina and Louisiana), it will be close work for the Republicans to elect the next President—impossible, in our opinion, and in view of his extraordinary conduct, to elect General Grant.

## TROUBLESOME ELEMENTS IN OUR NATIONAL SYSTEM.

Among the coolest features of this wintry season is the advent of a public lecturer, whose claim on popular attention rests on notoriety following alleged privy to the murder of President Lincoln, and on incidents connected with his own escape from pursuers and the gallows.

However attractive his confessions may be among a certain class in other regions—however "chivalrous" and romantic his adventures may seem to his rebel confederates—it is somewhat consolatory to know that, even in this city, cursed as it is with ruffians fit for almost any crime—brutes who murdered helpless negroes without winking, and howled demon-like over burning orphan asylums—not enough auditors were found to pay the hire of the room which the scapegallows disgraced by ventilating his agency in the conspiracy for abducting, if not murdering, the late President.

We allude to John Surratt, of Maryland, whose mother suffered such execution as he dextrously escaped. While denying complicity in the murder, he admits and seemingly glories that he was connected with Booth and others in a conspiracy for abducting President Lincoln. He tells, with much fervor, how nearly the schemes of the conspirators succeeded on one occasion, when they, including himself, were frustrated by the non-appearance of Mr. Lincoln at an institution which he was expected to visit in the outskirts of the city, where the villains anticipated seizing him for delivery to their rebel confederates across the Potomac.

Whether the wretch who publicly glories in confessing thus much would have shrunk from murder, if necessary to get President Lincoln "out of the way," scarcely admits of a doubt. At any rate, the crimes he now acknowledges would have subjected him, if then caught, to "short shrift and strong rope"—as a rebel spy within the loyal lines, and as a conspirator for removing, whether by abducting or murdering, the Commander-in-Chief of the National Armies.

But let the wretch pass on in the infamy acquired by connection with one of the most memorable tragedies in history. It is not alone as it concerns him that we refer even thus briefly to his confession of abduction schemes. The conspiracy against Lincoln was not the first plan for summarily removing obnoxious Presidents. "My Maryland" is not alone involved in such intrigues. At least one other similar scheme found favor and supporters in the Potomac regions from which he comes. Booth, Surratt, and their fellow-conspirators might have pleaded high precedent from a neighboring State. Some prominent men of the Old Dominion actually confessed, near thirty years ago, that they had entertained a project for abducting President Van Buren, in case of his re-election. People who doubted or ridiculed the statements concerning the plot for killing Mr. Lincoln while on his way through Baltimore to enter on the Presidency—a plot happily frustrated by advice from General Scott and Mr. Seward that he should pass incognito through that city in a night train—may see that the "conspiracy mania" was chronic along and near the Potomac. Saying nothing particular now about the remarkable sudden deaths of Presidents Harrison and Taylor, nor about the wholesale poisoning when another President (Buchanan) was at the National Hotel in Washington—the singularity of circumstances connected with all which have at different times been discussed—we quote now from a paper nearly thirty years old (dated in 1842) something so closely resembling the movement against President Lincoln, that even Booth and his associates could not claim entire originality in their desperate schemes. Under the caption of "A Curious Plot—Van Buren to have been Morganized," that paper said:

"One of the oddest disclosures of these curious times is that lately made by certain Virginians, who seem to think that their former conspiracy against Mr. Van Buren was too meritorious to be suffered to slumber in oblivion. The New York Commercial Advertiser thus refers to the 'chivalrous' project of

those Southern hot-heads: 'Mr. John H. Pleasants, late and for a long time editor of the Richmond Whig, has published a long letter, in answer to a correspondent, in which he makes a partial disclosure of a plot—a very foolish one—which he avers to have been organized in Virginia, in the autumn of 1840, the object of which, under certain circumstances, was to have been the abduction of Mr. Van Buren. The apology for this organization was an apprehension that Mr. Van Buren's partisans had made arrangements for effecting the re-election of Mr. Van Buren by fraud—the frauds to be perpetrated chiefly in the States of New York, Pennsylvania and Virginia. In the event, therefore, of Mr. Van Buren's election by the meditated frauds in these States, the person of Mr. Van Buren was to be seized and carried deep among the interior mountain fastnesses of North Carolina, where he was to be detained until the time for the inauguration had passed by—and how much longer we know not. Meantime, an address was to be issued to the people of the United States, demanding a new election. It was a crazy scheme, and the authors must be more crazy still to make the disclosure.'"

Such were some of the workings of the spirit which culminated in the Great Rebellion and in the assassination of President Lincoln. The insidious schemes and operations of that baneful influence, from the days of South Carolina Nullification downward to the present times, are worthy of careful analysis by some writer who will look, Macaulay-like, far below the surface for matters illustrative of the difficulties with which the loyal portion of the American people have had to contend during the last forty years for the preservation of their nationality. A full history of the "American Conflict" requires greater research and more volumes than have yet been devoted to the subject in its manifold ramifications—social, sectarian, sectional and political. To such a miner the broad field offers many inviting placers.

## HOMELY SUBJECTS FOR BOTH SEXES, EAST AND WEST.

The benevolent efforts now making, in this and other cities, for aiding unfortunates of both sexes, encourage us to believe that more attention will soon be paid toward helping such persons to reach regions where employment and comfort can be found—where better prospects are held out to them for permanent prosperity than they can reasonably feel after sad experience in crowded cities. We refer not to New York alone, but to all the large towns in the Eastern States—though New York, from several causes, has the greatest need of exertions for this humane purpose.

Intelligent people well know that there is, in the interior regions, an incessant demand for "help" in households, in farm-work, in mechanical business, in nearly all branches of honest industry. They also know that high wages and good treatment reward all who faithfully engage in such employments as they are best fitted for, or who labor honestly at such other work as can be got till better chances occur.

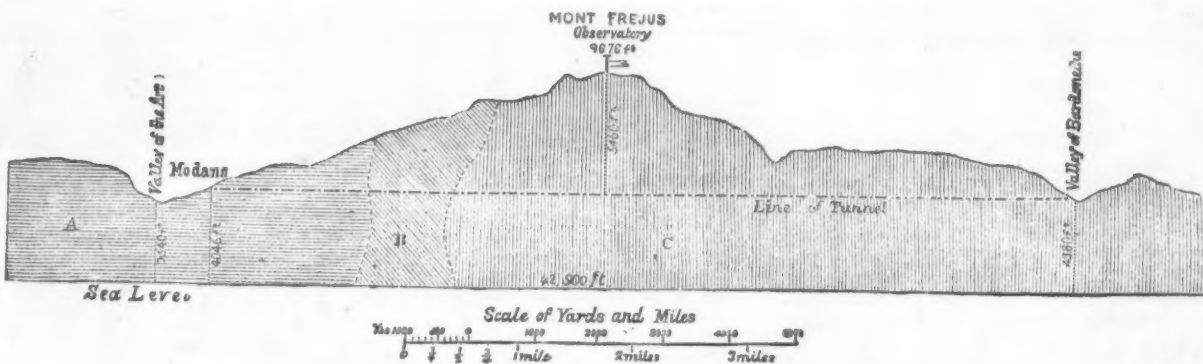
In this case, the great object is so to accommodate "demand" and "supply," that the want of employment among many in the East, and the want of helpers by suffering employers in the West, can be at least measurably remedied by supplying the Eastern sufferers with means to reach the interior regions where labor is in demand.

We use the plain terms of "work" and "labor" in a way that should not offend the sensitiveness of any woman or man, however delicately brought up. Industry—honest labor, in any useful employment, however humble—proves the best title to respect and prosperity in the Great West. Among the pleasantest reminiscences of pioneer life are those concerning the early struggles for livelihood and permanent home; and the women and men are honored most who have shown a proper degree of energy in promoting the public welfare by toiling faithfully in their respective spheres.

The general treatment of "help" in the new regions is such, that people who have "seen better days," as the phrase is, need not feel humiliated, as too many have to feel in the East; for in the West the demand for labor, if not a better cause, induces employers generally to treat their employes on something like a footing of equality. Tens of thousands of honest females, who are trying to eke out precarious subsistence in the great cities, could instantly find situations, in which they would be treated as members of the family, and not merely as menials in the kitchen, upon whom the "upper crust" in older settlements look with little respect, if not with contempt. They could thus have fair chances for settlement and homes in marriage, particularly as in those newer regions, to which enterprising young men most resort, there is a deficiency in the number of marriageable women.

Men with families, whether laborers or mechanics, could always find employment for themselves and their children around the villages of the interior, where they could soon earn means to buy a little homestead, that would quickly render them measurably independent; for in the newer regions there is a fellow-feeling that induces people generally to "help each other along," especially where it is





SECTIONAL DIAGRAM OF THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL, CONNECTING ITALY WITH SAVOY.

seen that the head of a family is industriously struggling for a permanent home—a blessing that he could rarely hope for in large cities.

Demand and supply, in the labor market, about which political economists and philanthropists talk so much, might thus be rendered satisfactory to a large extent—to the mutual benefit of East and West—to the vast advantage of Western multitudes who are suffering for helpers, and of Eastern unfortunates who are scarcely able to obtain daily bread in cities overcrowded with people of both sexes wanting employment.

Several societies, in different Eastern cities, are doing great good by collecting, sustaining and educating children, who would otherwise be left mostly in squalor and vice, and sending them to interior States, where places are obtained for them as helpers in household or farm-work, or as apprentices in mechanical employments. These societies correspond widely, and invite Western people to send their requests and pay the passage for such young assistants as they desire. The demand is so great as quickly to absorb the supply, as soon as the youngsters reach the West—and the cry is still for "more." The societies continue their watchfulness over the children whom they thus place in useful positions—corresponding with them and with their employers—ready to advise or defend, whenever necessary; though it is pleasant to add, that interference in this way is very rarely required, owing to the general satisfaction mutually enjoyed, by employers as well as employees. All useful information concerning their young protégés is carefully preserved by the societies; and examination of the records and correspondence shows an amount of good results that may well encourage all concerned and stimulate the formation of additional societies in various Eastern cities. Unhappily, there is need for many such societies in rescuing from pollution the hordes of youngsters of both sexes that abound in the streets of all our cities.

Similar good results must follow well-directed efforts for advising and aiding persons of maturer years, who want reliable occupation and comfortable homes. Well-organized societies, influenced by like humane motives, could do an immensity of good by ascertaining where laborers of various kinds, including female "help" for families, are wanted, and by making arrangements with people in different places to aid those who desire employment in reaching the places where it is to be found. Such societies could arrange with railroads for cheapening the rates of passage, and the cost of passage could be repaid by installments from the earnings of people thus provided with comfortable positions. Indeed, employers would probably be induced to pay half, or even the whole cost of passage, in order to secure good "help." Thousands of mechanics and laborers, now hardly able to sustain families in large cities, would gladly avail themselves of such kindly aid—and city and country would be alike benefited by the operation.

But it is more particularly in behalf of the multitude of suffering women that the efforts of such societies are most wanted. Thousands of worthy women, especially widows with families, would quickly avail themselves of the advantages of such societies for migrating to the interior States. The more that went, the more would want to go, when it became fully known to such persons that all who went, and conducted themselves properly, soon realized a degree of comfort and prosperity such as is rarely or never found by females dependent on employment in great cities.

It is to be hoped that the vast field for benevolent effort to which we are now pointing will be soon efficiently occupied by many of our humane fellow-citizens; and foremost in the good work we desire to see the ladies, in the belief that they can render immense service to their sex and to society by enabling dependent women to find comfortable homes in the farmhouses and in the villages of the interior, with other considerations (above mentioned) which every true-hearted woman will appreciate in reference to woman's destiny.

CAPTAIN HALL, to whom the last stupidity in the way of what is called Arctic Exploration has been committed, at an expense to the Government of \$100,000, certainly possesses some exceptional qualifications for the undertaking, if we may credit his own story, as given in a recent lecture. He declares in advance (perhaps as an inducement to men to ship with him) that they will be trained to live as the Esquimaux do, on raw meat, blubber and train-oil. He had himself eaten in one day fifteen pounds of raw meat, washed down with upward of a quart of train-oil. Even here the longing comes on him so strongly sometimes that he goes away to his closet, where no one can see him, and has a good feed of raw meat. In his view a snow-house is the most palatial of residences, and to sleep naked in a snow-house is the acme of bliss. All the Esquimaux he found slept in a nude state, and "as did the Esquimaux so did he." Captain Hall may "go," and take with him all to whom this pleasant prospect is attractive. How long will it be before the country will be called on "for sweet humanity's sake," to send an expedition to search for Captain Hall?

We have Mr. Sumner's public statement that when the President went to his house to "lobby" with him on the Dominican business, that high functionary supposed the Senator to be Chairman of the Judiciary Committee, instead of the Committee on Foreign Affairs, and addressed him as such. In his Message, the narcotic obfuscation seems to have come over him again (if indeed it be not chronic), for no less than nine times, in a very few paragraphs, he confounds the Dominican Republic (!) with the Island of Santo Domingo, ignoring Hayti entirely. The fact is, camp-fire education is not thorough or exact, nor by any means the best qualification for the Presidency.

THE recent destruction of the Spotswood Hotel in Richmond, and of numerous valuable lives, from lack of means of escape from the upper stories when the passageways became filled with smoke and the stairways were burned, ought to impress upon travelers the importance of carrying with them a rope of sufficient strength, knotted at convenient intervals, by means of which they may escape, if not to the ground, at least to within reach of ordinary ladders. A rope of this kind, say thirty feet long, which can easily be packed away in a trunk, is a cheap and ever-ready fire-escape. One of these would have saved half a dozen lives at Richmond.

THE manly business of publishing the private letters of public men seems to have received a new impulse through the example of the ancient Gideon Welles. Our latest treat in this line is a letter from Mr. Benj. F. Butler, dated August 25, 1867, in which, referring to the probable nomination of General Grant to the Presidency, he says: "We are, I fear, to try the experiment again that we did with Johnson, i. e., nominate a man for supposed availability, without knowing his principles or fitness. Grant's election will be a misfortune, because it will put in a man without head or heart, indifferent to human suffering, and impotent to govern." After this, Admiral Porter's characterizations of General Grant will appear tame.

THE different estimates of the value of literary property by publishers have been often remarked upon, and a fresh instance has just occurred in England. A paragraph recently appeared in the *Times*, stating that an eminent publisher had offered \$50,000 for the right of printing the revised edition of the Bible, now in progress. Now we hear that the head of an old-established firm in London, of high reputation, has offered three times that amount for the privilege.

THE *New York World*, with commendable if not characteristic modesty, prints the following paragraph in an obscure corner: "Mr. Sumner does not favor the annexation of Hayti, but, rather, the erection therein of an independent

Republican arcadia, to which Cuba is to be joined as soon as the two islands can be made arcades sambo."

THE city of Chicago has an Academy of Sciences, of which we have "Transactions." The first volume is chiefly devoted to geology, but we see that in the second the favorite subject of prehistoric researches occupy considerable space. In South America they form Academies of Science readily enough, but the stage of *Transactions* is seldom reached.

## BOOK NOTICES.

THE BOTTOM OF THE SEA. New York: Charles Scribner & Co.

Probably the most interesting of the entire series of the "Illustrated Library of Wonders." Gives a general idea of the configuration of the sea-bottom, of the action of the sea upon its shores, and of the perpetual motion and change in the crust of the earth.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From T. B. PETERSON & Co.: "Carstang Grange," by T. A. Trollope; "The Dead Secret," "The Stolen Mask," "Slater Rose," "The Yellow Mask," and "Major Jones's Courtship."

From CARLETON: "Italian Life and Legends," by Anna Cora Ritchie, and "The Cloven Foot," by Orpheus C. Kerr.

From SHELTON & Co.: "The Shadow of Moloch Mountain," by Jane G. Austin, and "The Destroyer of the Second Republic," by Victor Hugo.

From E. P. DUTTON & Co.: "Clytie and Zenobia," a poem, by Mary Bayard Clarke.

From VIGUE & YORSTON: Late numbers of "The Art Journal."

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

England.—Wiltshire Champion Coursing Meeting at Stonehenge.—Crested American Turkey Exhibited at the Birmingham Poultry Show.

The opening day of this celebrated meeting took place December 1st, at Stonehenge. The ground, with its exceedingly picturesque character, was in good order. Of the many lively scenes of the day, that of the meet around the Old Druid Temple was the most striking. The ruin, with such surroundings, presented a strong contrast to its usual aspect of solemn and desolate grandeur.

A novelty in poultry, in the form of a turkey-cock wearing a rich and ample feathered crest, excited much attention at the Birmingham Poultry Show, held at Bingley Hall early in December. The exhibitor was Mr. W. Simson, Jr., and the specimen had voyaged safely from a farm near New York to the shores of Merrie England. Great sums, it is said, were offered for the splendid Yankee bird, by English gentry anxious to present it in its feathers as a dish for their lordly Christmas tables, but the turkey was refused at any price, and will be preserved to continue the breed on British soil.

Germany.—The Prussian Hospitals at Neuwied, on the Rhine.

These hospitals were erected last September by the Princess of Wied, in the Garden of the Schloss, belonging to the Prince. The expenses of building were defrayed by private subscriptions in England, and from the funds of the National Society. The German Aid Society in England supplies tents, surgical instruments, etc., while the Emperor of Russia has also furnished a liberal donation of tents. The Prussian Government has placed the hospitals under the care of M. Ernest de Bunsen, whose portrait is seen in our engraving.

Denmark.—Thorwaldsen Centenary Festival.

In the city of Copenhagen is a building which is at once a museum of the works of the eminent sculptor, Thorwaldsen, and a mausoleum erected to his honor. On the 19th of November—the anniversary of his birth—in each year a large party of Danish artists and amateurs of art form a procession, and, with lighted torches, march to the tomb, and hold brief services in honor of their distinguished countryman. The occasion this year had a double interest, being the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

France.—Ironclad in Boulogne Harbor.—Prussian Lookout near St. Germain.—Military Funeral at Versailles.

From the pierhead of Boulogne, so well-known to European tourists, there may occasionally be seen a dark, massive hull rising lazily to the heave of the tide, as if possessing no power of motion in itself. This is the French ironclad, which, in a quiet way, has rendered the nation important service in effecting the capture of German vessels bearing war materials from Dover or some other neutral port. At sunset she lies, giving no signs of life, but when day dawns it will be found that she has disappeared—and shortly after the London papers have accounts of her taking war prizes into this port.

The Marly Aqueduct, in the vicinity of Mont Valérien, has been used as a lookout station of the Prussian troops. It is near Josephine's favorite residence of Malmaison, and commands a fine view of Paris. What with the bitter season and the spread of

disease amongst the wounded Prussians in the Versailles army hospitals, death is, of course, very busy; and many interments daily take place in the Cemetery of Notre Dame, at Versailles, where at least three hundred poor fellows have been laid in one large pit, shown in our illustration. The simple religious service is performed by a German minister of the Lutheran faith, in the presence of one or two officers and some comrades of the deceased.

Inside Paris.—Serving Out Soup in the Faubourg Poissonnière.

Kitchens for the free distribution of soup and vegetables have been opened in the different arrondissements of Paris, and at one, in the Rue des Martyrs, 2,600 portions are distributed daily. Orders for small quantities of bread are issued by the Government to applicants, while at the barracks in the Faubourg Poissonnière soup is regularly distributed by the soldiers. Applicants are obliged to bring their own utensils, which generally consist of a sardine-box.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

A NEW play by Mr. Dion Boucicault has been underlined for production at the Fifth Avenue Theatre.

MISS GLYN made her second appearance at Steinway Hall, New York, December 23rd, and read "Macbeth."

ELISE HOLT, now playing leading burlesque at the Adelphi Theatre, London, will return to this country in April.

CZERNY, formerly conductor at the Augsburg Theatre, has sent in a new opera, "Das Testament," to the Royal Opera House at Munich.

MISS KELLOGG has just received an elegant chain and locket from Lodge of the Ancient Landmarks No. 441, F. & A. M., Buffalo, N. Y., for her kindness in singing at their anniversary.

"WEE WILLIE WINKIE" closed the thirteenth week of its career on Saturday night last, at the Olympic, New York. It bids fair to equal in age the famous "Humpty Dumpty."

EDWIN FORREST has determined to retire from the stage in the spring, and the last opportunity our citizens will have of hearing this veteran tragedian will be during his farewell engagement in January.

THE peerage intends running Mr. Boucicault hard, for the Earl of Desart is preparing a comedy for the stage, and a new comedy, written by Lord Newry, is in preparation at the Globe Theatre, London.

A SEASON of Italian opera, consisting of twenty-four performances, will be inaugurated at the Fourteenth Street Theatre, New York, January 14th. Mile. Czillag, Miss Kellogg, M. Lefranc and Sussini are said to be engaged.

THE burlesque opera of the "Forty Thieves" was revived at Wood's Museum, New York, on the 2d, by the Lydia Thompson Troupe. Miss Nellie Henderson, a fine singer and possessor of good stage presence, has been added to this company.

THE probabilities are very strong that we shall see Mile. Nilsson in opera in the course of a fortnight. It is said she will appear at the Grand Opera House in a series of performances, and that Faure, the original Hamlet, is engaged.

MILE. ADME, the prima donna, who made her debut at the Grand Opera House, New York, December 21st, is young, handsome, and possesses a soprano voice of good power and purity. Her Boulotte, in "Barbe Bleue," was carefully rendered and well received.

MISS FANNY STOCKTON, who will be remembered by her admirable acting of Oberon, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," at the Olympic, three years ago, and more recently by her connection with the Farepa-Rosa Opera Troupe, died in New York, December 24th.

THE dearth of good music in New York this winter has not affected the success and interest of H. C. Watson's *Art Journal*, so ably filling the function of musical criticism for the city. The paper rises with the paucity of its material, while its learned and attractive tone of criticism makes it an *ex cathedra* authority on subjects of aesthetics.

At Lina Edwin's Theatre, on Broadway, the burlesque of "Little Jack Sheppard" holds undisputed sway. Miss Annie Wood, since the departure of Miss Ada Harland, has acted the character of Sir Rowland Trenchard in an acceptable manner. The burlesque now acts very smoothly, and some excellent scenery adds to its beauties.

MRS. HOWARD PAUL has been doubly blessed by the "Parisian Exodus." For her new character of Gil Blas, Gustave Doré has designed her dresses, and Prince Poniatowski has written two songs. These facts, superadded to her own great talents, cannot fail to make Le Sage's hero a great success on the boards as he has been in print.

THE Swedish Lutherans of Sycamore, a little town sixty miles from Chicago, many of whom were once neighbors of Nilsson, and some her playmates in childhood, recently asked her services in aid of their almost hopeless church enterprise. On the following Sunday she proceeded to the village with a select company, and gave a concert which netted the church nearly \$1,500.

At the New York Circus, the fairy spectacle of "Cinderella" has formed the chief attraction during the past two weeks. Some sixty little children, with bright, sparkling eyes and merry faces, take part in its performances. They are clad in rich and appropriate costumes, and their movements and actions are very naive and graceful. The little ones in the audience enjoy the performance in the highest degree.

THE local comedy, "Saratoga," has proven a rich treat to the patrons of the Fifth Avenue Theatre, New York. The piece is well fitted with humorous situations, and the dialogue in many cases exceedingly funny. A very effective song written and sung by Mr. Arthur Matthison, the music by Stoepel, adds much to the effect of the scene of Saratoga Lake. The comedy as a whole is light, joyous and well acted.

"THE GROTTA OF STALACTA," the fourth scene in the revived "Black Crook," at Niblo's Theatre, is a gorgeous specimen of stage mechanism. It represents a cave, the roof and sides of which are thickly hung with stalactites, intermingled with coral artistically twined. On the right, at the back, is an arched opening, through which is seen a silvery lake, stretching out in the distance, the waters of which flow into and occupy a portion of the cave. Through the arched opening far away, are seen huge rocks resembling the ruins of a castle. The light beyond the opening and gently fading away in the cave has been most artistically counterfeited by the painter's skill. During the action of the scene the mermaid's song from the opera of "Oberon" is heard beneath the waters, and at its conclusion Miss Pauline Markham, most charmingly costumed, rises from their depths and steps upon the stage with the lightness of a fawn to receive the welcoming plaudits of the audience.



The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PAGE 291.



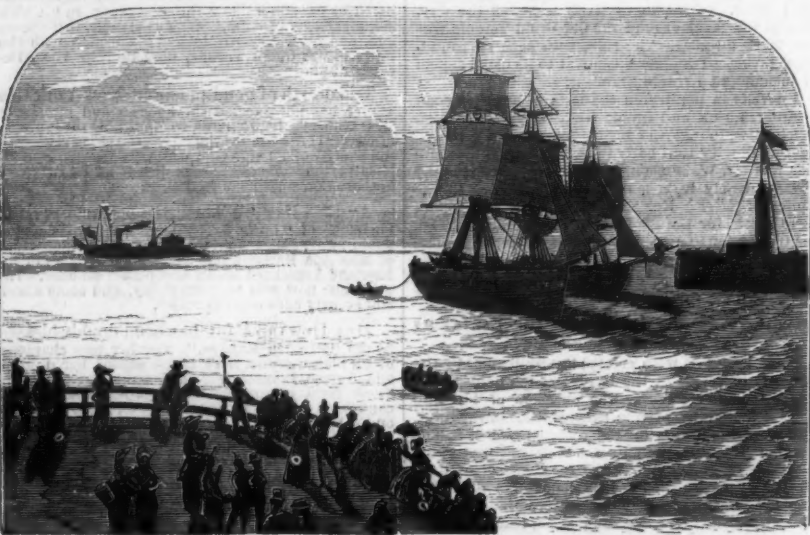
ENGLAND.—WILTSHIRE CHAMPION COURSEING MEETING AT STONEHENGE, DECEMBER 1ST—THE MEET AROUND THE OLD DRUID TEMPLE.



GERMANY.—THE PRUSSIAN HOSPITALS AT NEUWIED, ON THE RHINE—M. ERNEST DE BUNSEN AND THE WOUNDED.



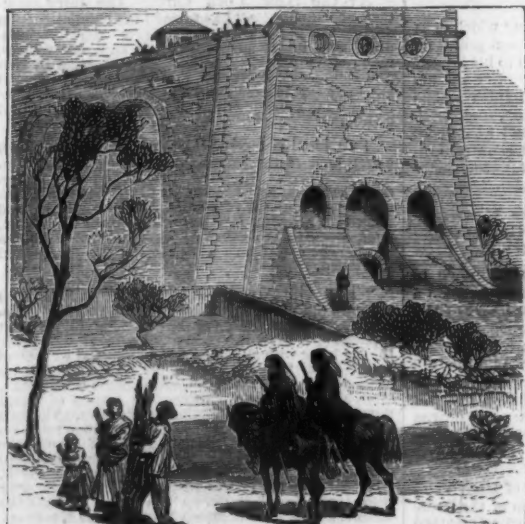
INSIDE PARIS.—SERVING SOUP IN THE FAUBOURG POISSONNIERE.



FRANCE.—BOULOGNE HARBOR—FRENCH IRONCLAD SENDING HER PRIZES INTO PORT.



DENMARK.—TORCHLIGHT PROCESSION TO THE TOMB OF THORWALDSEN, COPENHAGEN, AT THE CENTENARY OF THE ARTIST'S BIRTHDAY, NOVEMBER 19TH.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN LOOKOUT, ON THE MARLY AQUEDUCT, NEAR ST. GERMAINE.



ENGLAND.—CRESTED AMERICAN TURKEY, A CONSPICUOUS OBJECT AT THE BIRMINGHAM POULTRY SHOW.



FRANCE.—PRUSSIAN MILITARY FUNERAL OF AN ARMY HOSPITAL PATIENT AT VERSAILLES.





RICHMOND, VA.—SERIOUS FIRE AT THE SPOTSWOOD HOTEL, ON CHRISTMAS NIGHT—INSTANTANEOUS VIEW OF THE THRONG AROUND THE RUINS, TAKEN IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE DISASTER, BY C. E. REES & CO., PHOTOGRAPHERS, RICHMOND.



WASHINGTON, D. C.—NATIONAL MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED IN HONOR OF PROFESSOR S. F. MORSE, INVENTOR OF THE MAGNETIC TELEGRAPH.—SEE PAGE 295.

#### BURNING OF THE SPOTSWOOD HOTEL, RICHMOND, VA.

THE capital of Eastern Virginia, through a series of melancholy circumstances, is verily becoming entitled to the sadly-suggestive name

of the "City of Disasters." Fire, flood and insecure timber have brought upon Richmond losses of life and property that cast shadows, dreary indeed, over the entire city.

On the 25th of December another disastrous event occurred, resulting in the death of sev-



LEGEND OF CHARLESTOWN, BY MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ESCAPE OF THE "MYSTERIOUS LADY" FROM THE URSULINE CONVENT OF MT. BENEDICT.—"HER NERVOUS EXCITEMENT CULMINATING IN DELIRIUM, SHE SLIPPED OUT OF THE CONVENT."



eral persons, and the injury of many others. At about two o'clock in the morning a fire was discovered on the lower floor of the Spotswood Hotel, and an immediate effort made to awaken the guests. The utmost alarm naturally prevailed, and in the general eagerness to escape, the passageway of the private entrance was in a short time crowded, and, owing to the pressure, the doors could not be opened until, by extraordinary force, the crowd was pushed back, and room was made for that purpose. Men rushed about trying to save their baggage, and women, nearly naked and barefooted, fled into the snow-covered streets. The steam-engines were promptly on hand, but the water being frozen, it was some time before they got to work. In twenty minutes the flames spread to such an extent that escape by the staircase was cut off. The most fearful scene of the disaster was the appearance of Mrs. Emily Cornelius, of Baltimore, the housekeeper, at the window in the fifth story, with one or two other women, screaming for help. The firemen's ladders were put up, but failed to reach the windows. While the firemen were endeavoring to lengthen them, the women disappeared in the thick smoke and were lost. P. P. Clark, of Philadelphia, the steward of the hotel, leaped from a third-story window, receiving mortal injuries.

The only building on the block that escaped the flames is the corner-store that stopped the conflagration at the time of the evacuation of Richmond by the Confederate troops. Among the remarkable escapes was that of C. Shetter, attached to the office of the State Printer, who was in the fourth story, and escaped by dropping from window-cornice to window-cornice, until he reached the ground. An incident of the fire was the appearance of a man at one of the upper windows, paralyzed by fear, who sat tearing paper into small pieces, and throwing them out of the window, till he fell back into the flames.

Owing to the destruction of the hotel register, the actual losses of life are not definitely known, but seven persons are supposed to have been burned to death.

The Spotswood Hotel was valued at \$140,000, and insured in Northern companies. The business houses destroyed were Messrs. Branch & Curran's crockery-store, Adams Express office, Howe's machine store, and other smaller stores. The total loss is about \$300,000; insured mostly in Northern companies.

#### THE OLD YEAR AND THE NEW.

Open the door, and let him go.  
Fool that I was to trust him so!  
He promised me joy, he brought me woe!  
Open the door, and let him go!

Open the door, and let him go.  
He played me false, he spoke me fair,  
He filled my days with weary care;  
Open the door, and let him go!

Open the door, and let him go;  
Faler and thinner his features grow;  
He turns round for a parting blow—  
Open the door, and let him go.

Open the door, and let him go.  
Why should I care to keep him here—  
Joyless and sad, the Old, Old Year?  
Open the door, and let him go.

The midnight bells ring faint and slow.  
At the open door one entereth in,  
With unruddied brow and dimpled chin,  
Just as he looked so long ago.

Closer and closer he comes to me;  
I gaze at him with sudden fear:  
"What dost thou want, thou strange New Year?"

Naught will I have of thee!

"I will not have thee cheat me so!  
The Old Year took my joy and pride—  
Thou shalt not linger by my side."  
I open the door—he will not go!

#### SOME LEGENDS

##### OF THE NEW ENGLAND COAST.

By MRS. HARRIET PRESCOTT SPOFFORD.

ILLUSTRATED.

II.

#### CHARLESTOWN.

THE traveler who seeks the cool northeast seaside is scarcely aware how near it is to him when, after his wearisome journey, he crosses the narrow and crooked streets which are Boston's crown of picturesque glory, and leaves the city by the Eastern Railway. For no sooner has the train moved out of the station than the sea-views begin to open on him as he goes—vistas of the broad, blue bay; streams just emptying in; salt marshes, rich with every tint and every odor; the bold bluffs of Nahant; the long lines and lonely houses of the Chelsea beaches; forts far away in the harbor, where the flag waves like a blossom on its reed; and town after town, all more or less historic, and all full of the wild sea-breeze that gives such a bloom to the faces of their women, and such a vigor to their men. He has hardly crossed the first bridge before one of these towns rises on his sight, sitting on her hill the while as fair as any pictured city of walls and towers, and overlooking the Mystic and the Charles, and the wide and windy bay. Indeed, a lovelier view of any town I do not know than Charlestown, when seen from the car window, her lights reflected in the water at her feet, and her streets lifted in tier over tier, till the lofty spire of the hill-top church glitters in the moon or starlight far above them all.

It is not so charming a spot, however, upon nearer acquaintance, for most of its streets are

as narrow as those of the neighboring metropolis, and not one-half so clean, and it is more interesting as a congregation of workshops, foundries, and great industrial establishments, than in any other light; for, owing to the circumstance of five towns having been set off from it, and a part of four others, it has now the smallest territory of any town in the State of Massachusetts, and is necessarily crowded. Running along the waterside is the Navy Yard, surrounded by a massive granite wall, ten feet high, and encircling the barracks both for marines and officers and their families, together with the great machine-shops, ropewalks, ship-yards, wharves, dry-docks, and other Government works on a vast scale, thronged with two thousand busy artisans, and all guarded by sentries pacing their perpetual round, and by the receiving-ship Ohio, anchored in the stream beyond. This whole agglomeration of men and trades forms a strong political element in its locality, and a prominent and potential factor in Congress has been heard to declare that he once staid six weeks in Washington after the session in order to secure the appointment of a common painter in the Navy Yard, and failed at last.

The State Prison, another lion of the place, is a machine hardly less powerful, as any one might easily imagine who saw it entrenched behind its perpendicular fortifications and rows of spikes, and thought of the number of officials necessary to carry on its operations and maintain order among its unhappy denizens. It is a gloomy-looking fabric, like all the traditional prisons "that slur the sunshine half a mile," and a satirist has mentioned the fact as characteristic of certain inconsistencies between theory and practice common in Massachusetts, that almost the only place within her borders where a liberty-cap is displayed is at the top of her State Prison, not so glaring an inconsistency, nevertheless, as it at first sight appears, since the imprisonment of criminals means the freedom of all the rest of society.

In quite another portion of Charlestown stands the famous Bunker Hill Monument, making the most attractive feature of the town, with its gray shaft rising in perfect symmetry from the ample space at the summit of a lofty and smoothly-swarded green hill. Here the statue of Warren is to be found, with various trophies of the Revolution, less interesting in themselves than are the suggestions of the scene—a scene that calls up one morning, almost a hundred years ago, with the unquailing farmers gathered behind their breastworks of sod and hay, and the flashing bayonets and scarlet lines of British grenadiers moving up the hill, while the town below was blazing in a conflagration of every dwelling there; that calls up another morning fifty years later, where trembling old hands, that, when youth and chivalry were at flood, helped to lay the corner-stone of the Republic, now in the midst of its success laid the corner-stone of this monument to one of its first struggles for existence, and, in the presence of the survivors of that struggle, the thunders of Webster's eloquence were answered by the thunders of the people's applause. Who is it that declares the Inclosure at Bunker Hill peculiarly typical of our national characteristics, inasmuch as, being badly beaten there, we built a monument to the fact, and have never ceased boasting thereof? One thing can certainly be said in reply, that the moral effect in teaching the enemy how sadly in earnest the brave rebels were, and in encouraging the dispirited patriots by sight of raw recruits thrice breaking the form of the invading veterans, was something inestimable; that rail fence stuffed with meadow-hay was not merely the breast-work of Putnam and Prescott, it was the first redoubt of freedom the wide world over, and from Bunker Hill began that march of noble thought and grand action across this continent which is destined to overthrow all tyrannies, both of intellect and of empire, in this hemisphere to-day, to-morrow in the other. It gives one a very satisfactory emotion of patriotism to stand on Bunker Hill, as well as a good idea of the recuperative power of the country, for when the enemy drove every soul out of Charlestown, and burned every building there, it was but five hundred houses in all that were destroyed, while to-day the population approaches the number of forty thousand. It is a population, however, that must have undergone many changes; as, for instance, one would fancy that its action of thirty years ago, in the destruction of the Ursuline Convent, would, at present, be quite impossible, since the Catholic Church now far outnumbers any other single sect in the place—for the Catholic Church has a subtle, self-healing way with it like that belonging to some natural organism, so that where it has received a wound, thither it immediately sends its best and freshest blood to repair the harm, as the case is with the limb of an animal or the branch of a tree, and thus mending itself and growing with greater vigor where the hurt was, it presently outstrips injury, and plants itself in the place of its assailant.

The Ursuline Convent just mentioned belonged, at the time of its demolition, to one of the congregations of Ursulines founded some three hundred years earlier as a religious sisterhood for nursing the sick, relieving and instructing the poor, and named for the martyred St. Ursula, a Christian princess of Britain, and one of the first to associate maidens with herself for devout purposes. Originally every Sister remained in her own home, and performed from that point such duties as were hers; but shortly after the death of Angela Merici, the foundress, they adopted a uniform dress, their principles and plan of action became more widely spread, and they gradually gathered together under the same roof, chose a Directress, or Superior, and took some simple vows, vows afterward exchanged for others of a more solemn nature. In the year 1660 there were more than five hundred houses of Ursulines in the world; and, never entirely abandoning

their original purpose, they are to-day principally devoted to the tuition and care of young girls; and of such benefit to the general community have they always been considered, that, when certain European Governments put an end to the existence of convents within their territory, the Ursulines were permitted to remain unmolested, and were moreover aided and encouraged in their work. The ruins of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown stand in a remote part of the town, lately taken into the village of Somerville, on a place known as Mount Benedict, and smoke-blackened and weather-beaten, the broken walls and chimneys have stood for more than thirty years till becoming picturesque with time. Wild cherry trees have sprung up within the walls of the cloisters, and have grown into full bearing of their bitter fruit; cattle browse among them, and lie beneath the great trees that have arched themselves, untaught, over the old avenues; sheep crop the turf where once the nuns' flower-garden may have been, and where, long since, the natural growth of the place has retaken its own rights, and where here and there a weed blooms, which is only a garden-flower returned to its one original stock. One side of the hill commands the harbor and the placid Charles, with a view of the neighboring metropolis, just remote enough for a haze of distance to render it poetic; and on the other side, far away across meadows and bending elms, the blue and lovely Mystic winds to the sea, and soft, low hills inclose the wide and varied landscape. It is a retreat of peace, that now remains unbroken by anything except the rudeness of the winter storms, but it bears upon it the moss-grown marks of a violence sadly in contrast, for thirty-five years ago it was the scene of an outrage on human rights and freedom of thought, which, it is to be hoped, neither this country nor this age shall behold again. The convent had been founded in 1620 by Doctors Matigon and Cheverus with funds contributed for that purpose by a resident and native of the city of Boston; and upon their urgency a few Sisters of the Ursuline Order came to this country, and made Boston their home. The confinement and the city air, however, disturbed their health, accustomed as they had been to the out-door exercise of their gardens, and, some half-dozen years after their arrival, the bishop procured for them the estate in Charlestown, to which they immediately removed, occupying a farmhouse at the foot of the hill till their own residence upon the summit should be completed. This was done in the next year, and it was shortly so crowded with pupils from New England, the West Indies, Southern States and British provinces, that a couple of years afterward two large wings were added to the establishment, the number of nuns varying from four to ten, and the pupils from fifty to sixty.

The feeling in Charlestown toward them could hardly ever have been of a hospitable nature, for one of the Selectmen of the town, who appears to have been of a very inflammable temperament, told the Superior that it had been his intention on the first night of the occupancy of the farmhouse by the nuns to come with thirty men and tear it down about their ears, but he was deterred by the quiet procession of the little company taking their walks across the hill next day, which appears to have been a moving sight to him. Welcome or not, however, the school prospered wonderfully, as indeed it could hardly help doing when the teachers were so devoted to their duties, the fact of their being devoted for life being probably the chief secret of their success. There was then comparatively little attention paid to science and the severer studies generally, and the education of women was confined almost especially to the accomplishments of language, music, and painting, which were taught here to perfection; and, thronged with pupils and applicants, it is possible the school aroused the jealousy of those who conjectured the good income which it yearly added to the revenues of a Church they abominated. There was no need, though, of adding this jealousy to the elements at work in the neighborhood already distrustful of Roman Catholic institutions, keeping a vigilant lookout over what it considered as little less than a branch of the Inquisition introduced into the midst of it, constantly fearful of Catholic supremacy—not from any largeness of view concerning the Church as a Church of authority denying the right of individual opinion, and thus a drag upon the wheels of progress, but with an imagination inflamed by the wood-cuts of "Fox's Book of Martyrs," by such legends as that old one of the unfaithful nun, sealed up alive in a wall, and regarding the quiet building on the hill not as a place of innocent merriment and girlish study, but of severe penance, of horrible punishment, of underground cells and passages through which all the mighty power of the Church walked abroad to crush any refractory spirit into death or submission. There were sad rumors of barbarities exercised upon the sick, of a child sent away in an advanced stage of scarlet-fever, of fearful penances imposed upon a dying nun. It was also urged that the Convent made great effort to secure the children of Protestants for proselyting purposes, excluding the children of Catholics; oblivious of the truth that its doors were open to all who were able to meet the cost of such expensive education, that, its pupils being chiefly daughters of the wealthy, there really belonged to Catholic parents a proportion of them corresponding to the proportion of wealthy Catholics in the community at large, while for poorer Catholics a free school already existed in Boston, where their education was provided for quite suitably to their probable station in life; and in the meantime not a single pupil, in all the number educated in the convent, had ever become a nun, nor had one even been converted to Catholicism. But more than this inherited dread of papacy and its influence were the swarms of suspicions of another sort. It makes one doubtful of the inherent worth of

human nature to hear the baseness of conjecture indulged in by these people; it seems as if they were so vile themselves that they could believe in the virtue of no others; because priests assumed to be celibate and nuns to be virgins, they denounced the good bishop as a monster and the stainless Sisters as prodigies of impurity. And as time wore on, and all these unfortunate feelings and fancies glowed more and more hotly, it needed but a single spark to kindle the flame of intolerance into open action among this population, watchful, and ready to give the worst possible construction to every simple circumstance.

The flame was kindled quickly enough. In the summer of 1834 there were fifty-four young girls, from all parts of the country, students in the convent, and ten nuns resident there—two of the latter being novices, and therefore doing nothing in the schoolroom. Of these fifty-four young girls, it is probable that nearly all took music-lessons, while there appear to have been but two of the nuns attending to music—one of these an invalid already in consumption—so that the greater part of the hundred and odd music-lessons a week fell to the share of the other—Sister Mary John, formerly, when in the world and retaining the name of her birth, a Miss Elizabeth Harrison. Miss Harrison was a native of Philadelphia, had passed her novitiate of two years, and had for four years been a member in full communion. She had a brother and a brother-in-law living in Boston, across the bridge, and visiting her at the convent whenever they chose; and as she had, besides, unrestricted opportunities of reposing confidence in her pupils, had she desired to be taken from the convent nothing would have been easier—all the more as no restraint was put upon an individual there; and two nuns who had taken the veil had left, without let or hindrance, and still maintained friendly relations with the Superior. She had been giving steadily fourteen lessons a day of forty-five minutes each; any one who has studied or taught music, or who has been present during a lesson in that art, knows what an exquisitely trying thing to the nerves it is, and Miss Harrison was not only tired and weak, but her brain was in a state of high excitement. Several members of her family had been subject to occasional mental alienation—a circumstance of which had the Ursulines been aware upon her reception among them, they would probably have allotted her less fatiguing duties. Old Dr. Warren had already pronounced Miss Harrison's health to be very delicate; always in excessively cold or warm weather she had trouble in her head, and feeling this quite badly, at about the last of July, she had foolishly taken an emetic which had acted strangely with her; she began to manifest great restlessness, went about the house acting extravagantly, clamoring for new instruments, setting the doors wide open as if to cool her fever, and when, one afternoon, the Superior told her that she looked too ill to be attending to the lessons, she replied by a burst of laughter, and her nervous excitement culminating in delirium as the heat of the day increased, she slipped out of the convent, into the grounds, and away to a neighbor's house, unobserved by the Sisters, who would never have dreamed of such a thing, as she was a person incapable of disguising her feelings, and had never before been heard to express the least dissatisfaction, but of whom, on the contrary, it was thought that there could not be a happier person than she in the whole Ursuline Order. From the neighbor's house she was taken by the Selectman, himself another neighbor, and the one who had at first intended to tear down the farmhouse about the nuns' ears, to the residence of a gentleman in West Cambridge, after which, going to the convent, he notified the Superior of what he had done, and on the next day the brother of the young lady went to see her. Probably the rest from her labors and the change of scene had already acted beneficially on Miss Harrison's mind, for she implored her brother to bring Bishop Fenwick to her, as if she longed for his assistance in regaining her self-control. It would seem that the bishop had been disinclined to interfere; but, on the solicitation of the Superior, he went with Miss Harrison's brother in the afternoon to visit her. Bishop Fenwick testified upon oath that he found Miss Harrison in a state of derangement, her looks haggard, her expressions incoherent, while she laughed and cried in the same moment; that his one object in going for her was to take her to the convent, clothe her properly, and send her to her friends, presuming that she left because dissatisfied with her mode of treatment; but when he proposed her return to her home, she begged and entreated to be allowed to remain. Upon her restoration to the convent, she declared that "she did not know what it all meant," and she begged the people who called upon her not to refer any more to the circumstances of her brief absence, for she could not be responsible for what she then said or did. To Miss Alden, who in past times had heard her frequently say that she could never cease to be thankful enough for having been called to that happy state of life, and who now visited her, she expressed the greatest horror at the step she had taken, and said that she would prefer death to leaving. And upon being examined in court, on the trial of the rioters, she averred that had any one ever told her she should do what she had done, she would have thought it impossible; that nothing was omitted, in the conduct of the institution, that could contribute to her happiness or to that of the other inmates; that her recollection of what took place after her flight was very indistinct, for she was bereft of reason; and she covered her face and burst into tears.

The worst conjecture, one would have thought, that, in uncharity, could have been put upon this affair, would have been that, never of very strong mind, and now worn out with the unceasing recurrence of her labors, she had suddenly imagined the life unbearable.



and in a wild moment had escaped from it only to find herself grown unused to the world, and more unhappy there than over her old tasks in the convent. But that was truth beside the calumnies that instantly sprang into being upon the foundation of this unfortunate occurrence. It was remembered, too, that another young woman had left Mount Benedict not long previously, and the atrocious slanders upon the sisterhood which she scattered wherever she went were revived with added burden, and there was hardly any scandal possible to be invented but was repeated and believed, till the stately brick edifice on the hill was honestly regarded far and near, by the bigoted and narrow-minded of the untought population, as a den of wickedness and filth; and a conspiracy for its suppression was hurriedly formed, not only in Charlestown, but throughout other towns and extending into other States. Matters probably were greatly hastened then by the appearance in one of the neighboring newspapers of a paragraph entitled "The Mysterious Lady," and containing the items of local gossip about Miss Harrison's escapade, magnified and exaggerated into the flight of a nun brought back by force, and either murdered, secreted in the underground vaults, or sent away for some awful punishment in remoter regions; and this was only the visible and audible expression of what appears to have been in the minds of nearly all, if not in their mouths; and the first manner in which the general feeling outcropped was by waylaying the convent-gardener and beating him within an inch of his life, wreaking in a vicarious way the vengeance that could not yet arrive at his employers.

(Conclusion of this Legend in our next.)

## MARKED FOR THE KNIFE.

ABOUT two years before the startling revelations respecting the dissecting trade in Edinburgh had placed the legal supply of "subjects" upon its present satisfactory footing, there occurred to my elder brother, at that time a delicate boy of about fourteen, a singular adventure, involving such a shock to his nerves as, the doctors believed, very much hastened his death, which occurred in less than a year after it.

We then resided in a large white house, with a row of poplars in front, close to one of our canals. Within a stone's throw of our hall-door was a lock and a lock-house, and then followed, in the London direction, one of the longest and most solitary levels to be met with in the United Kingdom.

The canal, at a point about seventy yards from the lock, makes a slight deflection. The consequence is, that neither the lock nor our house are visible from the long, straight level that follows, and which is closely fenced between tall hedges and old trees.

My brother had been ordered walking exercise, and my father generally appointed the path beside the level I have described for his walk. The traffic, never very active, was, at that time, in a state little better than extinct. Not more than two or three boats passed in a day, and chiefly owing to its perfect quietude it had been chosen for the walk of our solitary invalid.

It was now summer, and the hour of his daily walk was from five to seven; the earlier hours of the afternoon being pronounced too hot for exercise.

On the evening in question, he set out alone. His usual walk was to a point two miles up the level, where there was a stone block, on which he used to sit and rest a little before setting out for home.

While he was taking his ease on this stone bench, and listlessly looking up and down the long and deserted reach of water, there emerged, a few hundred yards to his left, from a sequestered path, a singular figure, which approached slowly and passed him by, with only the narrow tow-path between them. It was moving in the direction of our home, and was that of an emaciated man, with a complexion dark as very old box-wood, limping, as it seemed, painfully, very much stooped, and with a big angular hump upon his back. His hair was long and sooty black, he had prominent dark eyes, under thick black brows, and his face and chin were stubbled with a week's growth of beard. He was leaning heavily on a long stick, and walked with a kind of hitch, which resembled a spasm, and gave one the idea that each step was accompanied by a separate sting of pain.

The face of this man expressed extreme weakness and suffering, and might almost be that of a man dragging himself away, with a mortal wound, to some spot where he might lie down and die in quiet.

He had a long and heavy bottle-green coat, which had grown to be, indeed, a coat of many colors, for over the threadbare and greasy ground it was overlaid, with fantastic and extraordinary industry, with a tessellation of patches, of every imaginable color, in which yellow, and red, and blue, and black were discernible, under a varnish of grease, and toned with a variety of dirt; and even these patches were patched again, and had broken here and there into rents and fissures, and bunches of shreds and tatters. Round his body was buckled a broad discolored leathern strap, and he wore a wide-leaved felt hat, with a rather conical crown, brown and grimed by time and ill-treatment.

This figure, with long gaiters of rabbit-skin, and shapeless "brogues," limped past my brother without taking the slightest notice of him, and uttering now and then a short groan, as if of suppressed pain, he excited the wonder, and in some degree the compassion of the boy.

He watched the progress of this man, who was moving with great difficulty, and with many halts, in the direction of our home. It was not until he had got on nearly a quarter of

a mile, that my brother got up, now quite rested, to follow in the same direction.

As this strange, crooked man with the stick got on, he appeared to grow more and more exhausted, and at length he tottered into a little recess at the edge of the path, and fell helplessly on his side among the bushes.

The boy quickened his pace, and as he approached the spot, he passed the head of a narrow lane, in which he saw a donkey and cart standing. The cart had in it, upon some straw, a piece of old carpet, from under which emerged some folds of coarse canvas, like a part of an old sack, but he could not see any one in charge of this conveyance, though, being anxious to obtain help, he called repeatedly.

Despairing of succor, he went on, and reached the point where he had seen the man fall. Here he found him. He had crept a little further in among the bushes. He was supporting himself feebly on the ground upon his elbow, his eyes turned up as if he were on the point of swooning, and he moaned faintly.

The boy's courage almost failed him; but the sick man seemed to perceive him, turned his eyes upon him imploringly, and extending his hand toward him, so evidently signaled for aid, that my brother could not help drawing near.

The fainting man then told him, in a whisper, that if he would take his hand and draw him gently toward him, he would perhaps be able to turn himself a little, to his great relief.

My brother did give him his hand accordingly, and the fainting man, instead of taking it, seized his arm above the elbow, with a gigantic hand, in a grip like a vice, and jerking him under, sprang over him, thrusting his other arm round and beneath him, so as to pinion him fast. He had carried in his hand the end of the belt which he had removed from around his own body while waiting for his prey, and with a dexterity acquired, no doubt, by long practice, in a moment, with the now disengaged hand, he drew it and buckled it round the boy's arms and body at a single jerk, with a pressure so powerful that he could scarcely breathe, much less disengage his arms.

In another moment, with his knee on the boy's chest, and one broad hand placed right across his mouth so as to stifle his screams effectually, he hitched round what had seemed to be his hump, but what proved to be, in fact, a bundle, from which, with the other hand, he took out, with the quickness and neatness of a skilled manipulator, two things; one a sort of cushion about eight inches square, covered with chamolite-leather—I have that horrible relic, no doubt intended to aid in the process of suffocation, still in my possession—the other was the renowned pitch-plaster.

My brother had not an idea what he intended, for the disclosures in Edinburgh had not yet enlightened and terrified people of all ages throughout England.

The miscreant kept his face close to his victim's, with his powerful eyes fixed on his. His dark, lean features and long beak, and the thick hair that hung forward like a sooty plumage round it, and the long, sinewy neck that arched over my poor brother as he lay at his assailant's mercy, gave him, in the fascinated gaze of the boy, the appearance of a monstrous bird of prey.

I dare say this ghoul had an actual power, such as many men are said to possess, of controlling the springs of action, mental and bodily, by some occult power of the eye. To my brother it seemed that it needed a perpetual and desperate struggle of will to prevent a frightful trance from stealing over him.

For a moment the wretch's hand was slightly raised from the boy's mouth. He intended, no doubt, at this instant to introduce the pitch-plaster, which was to stop both mouth and nostrils. But my brother, now struggling frantically, uttered two piercing yells, which compelled the murderer to replace his hand before he had accomplished his purpose. He was evidently now transported with fury. Up to this he had been operating as methodically as a spider. He looked so fiendish that my brother fancied he would cut his throat, or otherwise dispatch him at the moment.

His plans, however, were different. He had no idea of losing sight of his interests, much less of his safety. No principle of his nefarious trade was better established than the absolute necessity of leaving no trace of actual violence upon the persons of his victims. Even the knee with which he held his prey was padded so carefully, that this young boy's breast did not exhibit the slightest contusion, although for so long under a pressure which held him at the verge of suffocation.

Rapidly, and with more success, the villain again essayed his final sleight. One dreadful yell escaped, and the deadly pitch-plaster was fixed on mouth and nose, and another sound or respiration became impossible.

The leafy bushes above and about him, the figure, the face of the spectre, began to swim before his eyes. He saw the man, still on his knees, rise with a start, and pause, with eyes askance and his dark hand to his ear. In the next instant he had disappeared.

In his struggles the boy now rolled from the lair in which he had been attacked into the clear light upon the open path, where he lay perfectly insensible.

When consciousness returned, which was not for some minutes, three men were about him, drenching his head with water, and all endeavoring to extract a word of explanation; but, for long after, he could not speak a syllable, nor, for some time, even hear distinctly what they said.

Not a moment was lost, so soon as he was able to describe what had happened, in directing pursuit, wherever any results were the least likely. All my brother could say as to the point toward which the assassin had directed his flight was that, as his sight failed, he thought, though very indistinctly, he saw him pass away obliquely in the direction of the lane in which he had observed the donkey-cart.

It must have belonged to an accomplice, who was there by arrangement. Everything had been prepared to carry away the body of the poor fellow, which would have been secured in the sack, enveloped in the carpet, and covered with straw, and thus secreted in some lonely lock-up yard, until, at dead of night, it would have been conveyed to the dissecting-room. The boy's hat thrown upon the water would have turned inquiry off the scent, and induced delay.

The strap, still buckled with cruel force about the poor fellow's arms and ribs, the chamolite cushion I have mentioned, and the pitch-plaster fixed over the lower part of his face, were the only "properties" of the villain left to indicate his visit.

The cool old assassin had carried off every other trace of his presence, and he and his comrade, taking the donkey-cart with them, had decamped with a celerity, and managed their disguise with an art which, as matters then were, and with a full hour's start, had baffled pursuit.

No doubt with the police force now at our command, the result might have been different. As it was, no clue whatever was discovered; and this was positively marvelous, considering the marked peculiarities of dress and of person that belonged to the culprit. The persons best acquainted with the ways of our criminals at that period were of opinion that the strange details of the dress, the gait, the hair, the complexion, and the distortion of the figure, were parts of an elaborate piece of masquerading.

There was some controversy as to the object of the projected crime. It was not until the terrific exposure at Edinburgh had made all the world horribly familiar with the machinery of that peculiar species of murder that all debate upon the matter ceased, and the pitch-plaster was accepted as conclusive evidence that the body was intended for sale to the surgeons.

No doubt these poachers on a great scale were thoroughly skilled in all the *finesses* and strategy of their contraband art. The regularity of my poor brother's solitary walk, its favorable hour, and the easy suggestion of drowning as the cause of his disappearance, had all been noted, and the enterprise was, as I have told you, very nearly accomplished, when an unexpected interruption saved him.

My brother was ailing at the time this dreadful attempt was made upon his life. He survived it little more than ten months, and the able physician who attended him referred his death to the awful shock which his system had received.

## NATIONAL MONUMENT TO BE ERECTED AT WASHINGTON, D. C., IN HONOR OF PROF. S. F. B. MORSE.

THE design of this elaborate and beautiful work consists of a colossal statue of Professor Morse, nine feet in height, surmounting an appropriate shaft and base, seventeen feet high, enriched with numerous sculptures illustrating the various phases of the invention. In the cornice are wrought the busts of the eminent men who have aided in extending the uses of the telegraph. In the frieze are represented the capitols and other characteristic specimens of the architecture of Europe, Asia, Africa and America, over which are suspended the telegraphic wires. The entire plane of the cylindrical shaft of the base below the frieze is surrounded by groups of figures, in high relief, representing the American inventions for speeding the material and intellectual commerce of the world, the series culminating in the electric telegraph. Surrounding the base are four pedestals, surmounted by life-size statues personating the four quarters of the globe. The panels of the base are filled with appropriate symbols, in low relief—the one below the front of the chief statue containing the forms of the artist's palette and brushes, the electrical machine and the galvanic battery, grouped together. The entire work, with the exception of the lower base and pedestals, will be wrought in bronze, and will cost nearly \$100,000.

The following resolutions, in relation to the design above described, were adopted by the American Academy of Science and Art, Washington, D. C., November 28th, 1870:

"Resolved, That the Academy regards the erection of a monument at the seat of the National Government, to commemorate the invention of the magnetic telegraph by Professor Morse, as an object strongly commending itself to the national pride of the American people, and worthy of encouragement and support.

"Resolved, That the design for the suggested monument, submitted by the sculptor, Horatio Stone, appears to the Academy to be eminently appropriate and deserving of the consideration of the subscribers to the monument fund.

"Resolved, That a committee be appointed by the Academy to co-operate with Mr. Stone in such measures as may be deemed conducive to the accomplishment of the end in view."

The proposition to locate this charming piece of sculpture at the National Capital is eminently proper, and a spot in or near the Patent Office—filled with its curious and wonderful inventions—would seem most desirable. Among the many monuments that have been reared to the memory of American citizens, no one as yet commemorates the services of an American inventor.

The Committee of the Academy trust that the requisite funds to carry on this work will be readily subscribed by the beneficiaries of the telegraph, and inventors in general throughout the United States.

George W. Riggs, Esq., of Washington, D. C., is the general treasurer, to whom funds collected by concurring committees, and those donated by private individuals, should be sent.

The Committee for New York is composed of General Charles Roome, Frank Leslie, James Gordon Bennett, Hon. Marshall O. Roberts, Hon. Horace Greeley, John W. Simonton, and Erastus Brooks, Esq.

## THE SILHOUETTES OF PAUL KONEWKA.

SINCE the death of Moritz Retzsch, no designer has arisen in Germany—the land of artistic inventiveness and *bizarrie*—who has made such a sensation with a class of art marked by the extremest simplicity, as Paul Konewka. Designing in silhouette—or that resembling cuttings in black paper—has been raised by the latter from the rank of nursery treasures to a classic dignity. American readers were first introduced to this artist by the illustrations to Shakespeare's "Midsummer Night's Dream," issued last winter by an enterprising young firm of Boston publishers. The experiment was a success, the silhouettes were greatly admired, and expectation was prepared for the admirable illustrations to Goethe's "Faust," in the same style, now publishing with Bayard Taylor's translation. A few picture-books for children, embellished by Konewka, have meantime appeared.

The present work from the pencil of this elegant limner is devoted to the war. The young Prussian landwehrman is seen parting from his true love—discovering, from his outpost, the sortie of the enemy—fighting with fury around the flag—and finally receiving, on the thorny field, the brief grace of a soldier's burial beneath the rustic cross. A scroll-work of thorns and thistles supports, decorates and apporions the subdivisions of this touching story; and the color of the whole design is black, like the ominous threatening of war. Our readers will appreciate the purity of line and elegance of pose in these shadows, which rival the graceful and simple shapes on an Etruscan vase.

## PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

ALEXANDRE DUMAS died poor and paralytic.

GENERAL TROCHU is descended from the great dramatic writer and poet, Racine.

J. MONTALDO, President of the colony of French refugees in Adams County, Pa., died recently.

RICHARD B. KIMBALL, the New York author, will orate at the next Dartmouth commencement.

FATHER HYACINTHE is at Oxford, England, and is expected to issue some grand manifesto as soon as the war ceases.

GENERAL SCHENCK, our new Minister at London, takes with him one daughter, the other to follow in the spring.

GENERAL CHAUZY, the latest military figure in the French kaleidoscope, is said to be an Englishman by the name of Shaw.

THE Hon. William M. Tweed did himself a Christmas honor by presenting \$50,000 to a committee to relieve the poor of the Seventh Ward, New York city.

It is intended to erect a statue of Charles Dickens in the old city of Rochester, in the County of Kent, England, where "Mr. Pickwick" commenced his scientific journey.

GOVERNOR HOFFMAN's only daughter, Miss Ella, will make her *entree* into society, in Albany, this winter. She is said to be a very charming and fascinating young lady.

COMMODORE ASHBURY was met by throngs of friends on his arrival at Liverpool from America, and was subsequently entertained at a banquet given in his honor at the Clarence Hotel.

A MOVEMENT is rapidly being carried out for the presentation of a medal to the Hon. Charles Sumner, as a testimonial from the Haytian people in recognition of his services in their behalf.

SANTA ANNA has issued a characteristic protest against being included in the amnesty proclamation lately issued by Juarez, and with much high-down elaboration expresses his contempt for the latter's offered pardon.

JANUARY 25, the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns, is to be celebrated by the Scotchmen of New York with appropriate festivities, including a literary feast at Steinway Hall, presided over by William Cullen Bryant.

MR. JOHN A. HARRINGTON, formerly of the New York "Atlas," and lately of Boston, has become publisher of Nicholson's "Season." It has been enlarged to twelve pages. It is now a very readable and piquant publication.

HOME is the spiritualist who is said to be all powerful in King William's counsels at Versailles. He has ruled royalty before, in the person, of Napoleon, and has been credited with no little influence over Pope Pius Nono.

THE shipping signature of the mate of the Boston ship *Hera*, George Osborne, has been photographed, and will be sent to England, to decide, if experts can decide therewith, whether it is or is not the signature of the missing Earl of Aberdeen.

ENGLISH papers announce the death of Mrs. Elizabeth Phillips Hogg, the widow of the poet who assumed the title of the Ettrick Shepherd. She had attained the age of eighty-one years, and had been thirty-five years a widow, her husband having died in 1835.

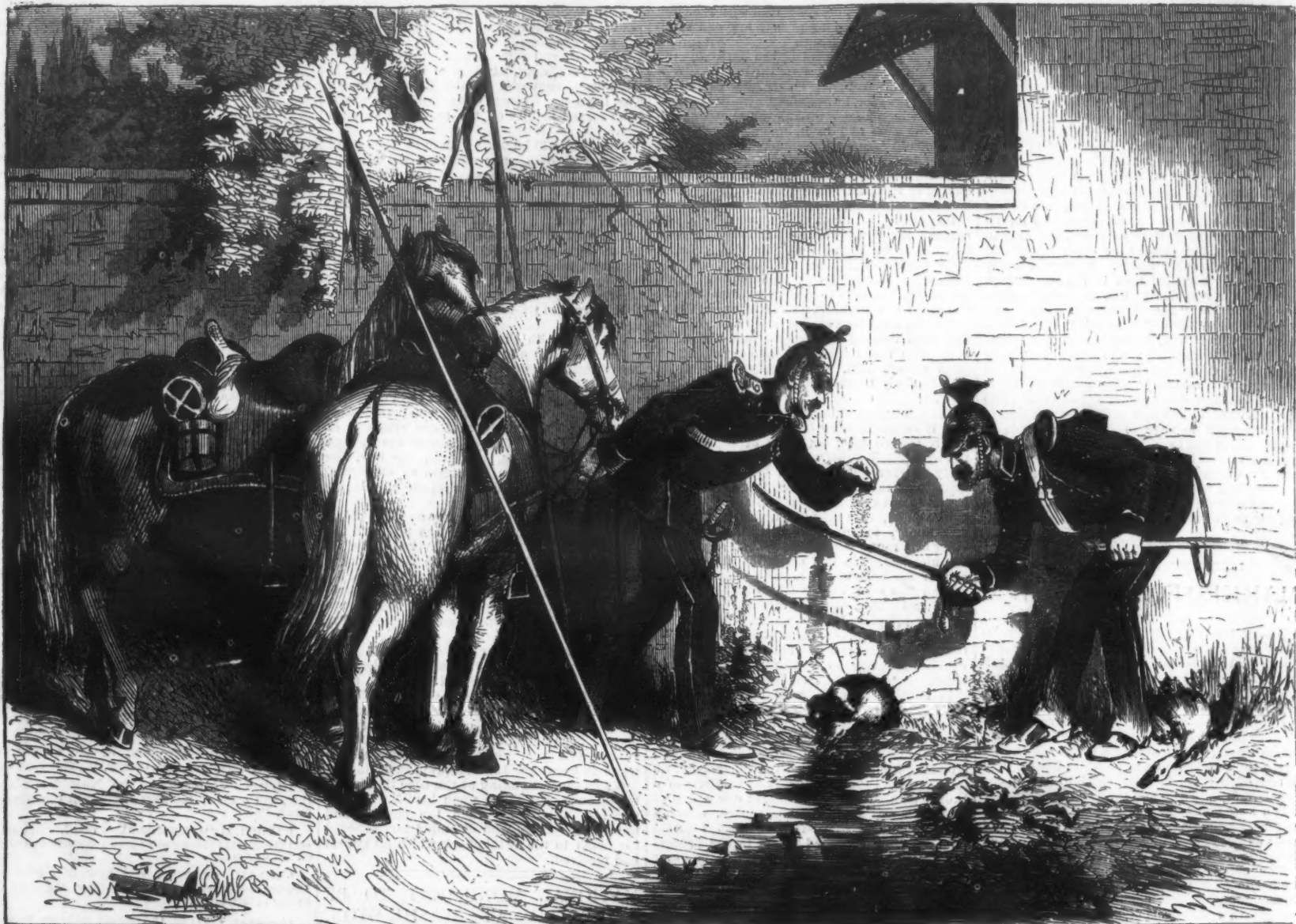
"HAZING" is suffering at West Point. Cadets A. E. Frank and J. H. French have been dismissed the service for harassing, molesting or injuring new cadets, and cadets M. W. Howe, G. R. Smith and R. P. P. Wainwright, for interfering with cadet sentinels.

AMONG the French volunteers is a company commanded by a postmistress. She is a Polish woman, and fought in the Polish revolution. She acts at the same time as chaplain and surgeon for her troops, and carries a case of instruments, a cross, a gun and a revolver.

WILLIAM CHAUVENOT, Chancellor of Washington University at St. Louis, a distinguished man in the scientific world, noted as an author in astronomy and mathematics, and formerly a professor of mathematics at the Annapolis Naval School, died at St. Paul, Minn., December 14th.

MRS. DEVEREUX BLAKE, who has been for many years past a contributor of this paper, has recently achieved brilliant success as a public speaker. She is a speaker of much power and eloquence, not a mere reader, and has a gift of ready wit and touching pathos that draws intelligent and attentive audiences.



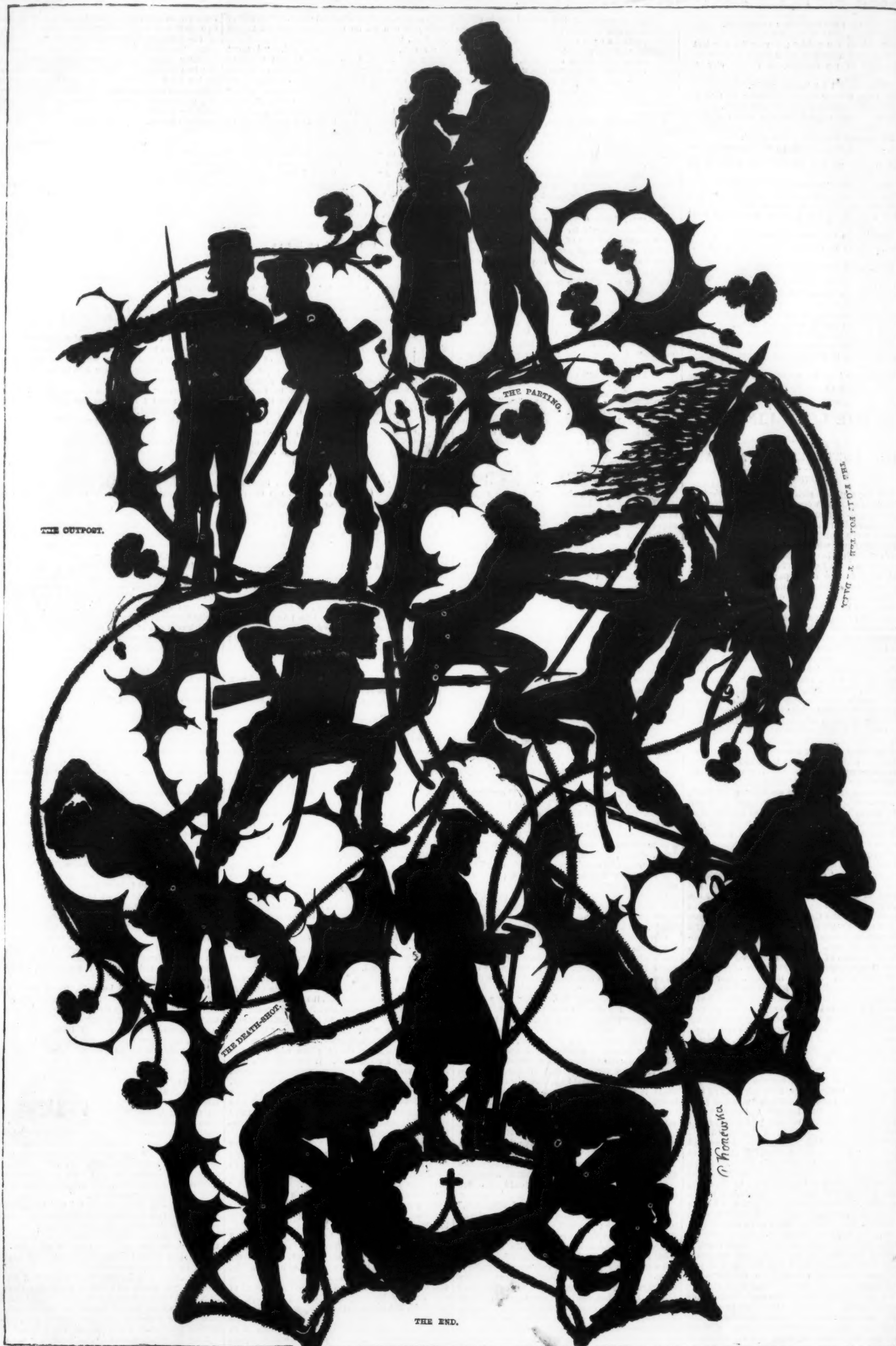


FRANCE.—HOW A UHLAND ACCEPTS A FRENCH CANARD—DUCK-CATCHING IN A PROVENÇAL VILLAGE.—SEE PAGE 300.



DIFFICULTIES IN THE WAY OF THE UHLAND COMMISSARIAT—TRANSPORTING LIVE BEER.—SEE PAGE 300.





THE PRUSSIAN SOLDIER.—DESIGN IN SILHOUETTE, BY THE CELEBRATED GERMAN ARTIST PAUL KONEVKA.—SEE PAGE 295.



## "COME FILL UP THE GOBLET."

BY BARTHOLOMEW O'CONNOR.

Come fill up the goblet; it may be the last  
That ever together we'll drain;  
Yet still in my dreams, as I live o'er the  
past,  
With you I'll be happy again.  
Tho' long, dreary wastes between us may lie,  
Of thousands of miles by the chart,  
Let us drink to the friendship that never will  
die,  
No matter how far we're apart.  
Let us drink to the friendship, etc.  
Let us fill up the goblet, and drink to the  
past,  
And all that the past may recall,  
Those few happy moments—too happy to last,  
When life had no sorrow at all.  
Tho' a cloud in the present may hang ever  
nigh,  
With cares that encompass the heart,  
Let us drink to the friendship that never will  
die,  
No matter how far we're apart.  
Let us drink, etc.

## THE LOST LINK;

OR,

## THE FORTUNES OF A WAIF.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE days glided swiftly by. The festivities at Compton Castle were over, and yet Geoffrey Dacre lingered in an apparently fascinated and unconquerable reluctance to depart. Yet his friends were gone. The Mervyns had taken their departure with the crowd of other visitors; though whether their course had been directed to their London house, or the spring tour extended to other parts, was a question unasked, and probably uncared for, even by Geoffrey himself. All he desired was their absence. All he wished for was to be left unscrutinized by prying eyes and too learned brains, and to have the nightmare of Frank Mervyn's presence removed from him. And so long as Lord Ashton prolonged his welcome, and Lady Alice did not altogether frown upon and shrink from his companionship, so long would Geoffrey lengthen his visit; and, meanwhile, Algernon came not, wrote not, even in reply to Lady Alice's notice that she only waited his brother's departure to summon him to the Castle.

"I am troubled about you, Algernon," she had said. "I hear vague rumors that disquiet me. If all is honorable and true, you need not fear anything, not even meeting your brother in the full light of day. If it is but unmerited misfortune that has disinherited you, it will not weigh either with my father or me."

And even this received no answer, no word, no sign. It was the fifth evening after it had been dispatched. Lady Alice was rapidly passing from alarm and suspense to anger and jealous annoyance, and she had more than once sent her maid to inquire for the post-bag, of which she, as well as the earl, possessed a key.

Lord Ashton had been suffering from a severe cold, and did not descend as usual to breakfast, which meal Lady Alice consequently preferred taking in her room, rather than encounter the embarrassment of meeting the few visitors still remaining at the Castle, without the sanction of her father's presence, so that it was natural and easy to obtain the first insight into the diurnal bag of fate. Her coffee had been cold, and her morsel of chicken remained untasted, while thus waiting to ascertain the event of the morning's post. At last it came. Her hand shook as she applied the key to the lock. She rapidly threw over each letter that showed at a glance it could not be the only one she desired to see; but at last the handwriting that had become familiar to her from many an extract, and music words copied for her pleasure, attracted her eager eyes. She snatched it, and was about to tear it open, when the direction caught her eyes—"Miss Olivia Abdy."

Alice dashed it down on the table with a paroxysm of jealous rage that might have better fitted the Saracen maiden than the English heiress. Her first impulse was to tear it to shreds; her second, to use her privilege, or fancied privilege, as Algernon's betrothed and Olivia's patroness and benefactress, to open and read its contents; but a gnawing curiosity to hear the truth of its contents prevented the one, and the honor and pride of her birth and nature forbade the other breach of decorum. With a hasty movement she secreted it within her dress, and then, rapidly scanning the other letters in the bag, and selecting those directed to herself, she ordered Olivia to be sent for.

In a few minutes the girl appeared, with the slightest possible tinge of curiosity and emotion flushing her face at the unwonted summons. Lady Alice had mastered the first gust of passion, and her voice was cold and severe rather than angry, as she desired Olivia to sit down.

"I have sent for you," she said, "with some regret, Olivia. I am surprised that you should carry on a clandestine correspondence while under the earl's protection and mine. You are now past childhood in years, and are still more precocious in character. I therefore decidedly object to any violation of the usual rules which are observed by all well-conducted girls in a family like this. There is your letter; but I request you to open it here, and let me be satis-

fied as to its contents, or I shall be seriously displeased with you."

Olivia's proud spirit had flamed out in cheek and eye as she listened; but hers was a pride that dictated a calm submission rather than resistance, and she silently took the letter which Alice's trembling hand extended. The instant her eyes fell on the writing the whole aspect of the young face changed to a brilliant joyousness, that brought a corresponding blaze, from a very different cause, to Lady Alice's beautiful features.

"It is from Captain Dacre," she said. "Dear Lady Alice, how could you think such hard things of me? But I am so glad, so very glad, that I cannot be vexed even at being suspected by you."

She hastily tore it open and read, with Lady Alice's quick eyes darting needle-like glances at her as she slowly repeated the words it contained:

"OLIVIA, DEAR GIRL—I am about to leave England once again for some months, perhaps some years; and one of my bitterest regrets is leaving you without any lawful and natural home and protector; but it is out of my power to make the arrangements I had once hoped would give you a happy and permanent abode. If I can in any way accomplish it, I will see you before I leave, which will be in a few days from this time. Indeed, I will not, unless absolutely forced, depart without an interview with you, who are about the only remaining care or solace of my life. Be prepared at any hour, for I may not be able to give you any further warning."

"Your true and affectionate friend,  
"ALGERNON DACRE."

An artist would have made a splendid picture from those two young girls at that instant. The resemblance and the antagonistic points had never been more entirely brought out than in that moment of ungovernable and intense passion. The brilliant, dark, rich orbs, which so remarkably distinguished both, were flashing with deep, though opposing emotion. The creamy cheek of the one was fevered with jealous indignation; the more sallow skin of the other was colorless with suppressed and overpowering grief. Yet the extraordinary expressiveness and the half-oriental character of the two faces stood in more striking relief than usual, as well as a more obvious resemblance.

"False!—treacherous! Fool, that I have been!—cajoled, weak, credulous fool!" burst from Lady Alice's lips, while her slight frame actually heaved under the storm of passion. "Thank Heaven that I am undeceived ere it is too late!"

Olivia sat, stunned and bewildered; but the one predominant feeling and impulse of her nature—love and anxiety for Algernon Dacre—soon prevailed through the more personal fears and distress that had numbed, for the time, the very powers of thought. There was as much pride and dignified loftiness in that child-woman's mien, as in the manner of the earl's daughter, when at last her lips parted for an answer.

"To whom do you apply those epithets, Lady Alice? and of whom do you speak?" she said, calmly, raising her head with an involuntary and graceful pride. "You cannot mean them—you must be laboring under some strange delusion."

"Girl, girl, you will drive me mad!" exclaimed the heiress, bitterly. "At least do not add deception and insolence to the injuries I have sustained. But I am fairly punished for my folly. Thank Heaven, it is not too late! Oh it is madness to think that I have been played upon, duped, guided in the way that was most convenient, and then cast aside. It is well that the discovery has been made now; but it is very, very bitter."

Between mingled grief, wounded pride, love and jealousy, the passionate nature of Lady Alice gave way, and, hiding her face in her hands, she burst into a flood of hysterical sobs.

Olivia stood motionless for some moments, regarding her; then the remembrance of Algernon's charge, of Algernon's love for that wayward, impulsive being, came to soften the cold, outraged feelings that had turned all sympathy to adamant.

"Lady Alice," said she, "dear Lady Alice, hear me. I cannot even pretend to understand your allusions; but if they are intended for Captain Dacre, they malign the noblest nature on earth; and, if for me, you wrong me—you wrong me cruelly. I am innocent, wholly innocent of aught but truest gratitude and affection for you; and for Algernon, you know, far better than I do, how completely his heart is your own—all your own, and that he looks on you as the bright star whom he worships, and would fain strive to win. Dear Lady Alice, at least trust him. For myself, I care little—but he is so good, so noble, and his heart is such a precious jewel for the proudest to win and wear."

As the girl spoke, Lady Alice's sobs had gradually hushed, but her head remained buried in her hands, and Olivia could not judge of the effect she produced.

"You will see him, hear him, Lady Alice," she continued—"it would be unworthy of you to do otherwise; you will allow him to explain anything that seems suspicious, and to bid you farewell, if indeed he is forced to relinquish what he holds dearer than life itself."

It was strange to hear such passionate pleadings from those young lips. Could it be that already she experienced what she so forcibly expressed? Could it be that she realized what Algernon would feel, and entered into Lady Alice's jealous anger, so as to pardon and soften it? Perhaps some such questions suggested themselves to the mind of the passionate heiress, and at once exasperated her frenzy, while the pleading somewhat softened her hard suspicions.

"Either you are more entirely in Captain Dacre's confidence than I should approve, Olivia, or you are speaking without reason and

knowledge," she replied, resolutely calming the tempest that had shaken her, and speaking with a firm, though subdued voice. "In either case you can do no good, and can but injure yourself, without benefiting him."

"I can, I can!" cried the girl. "I must speak the truth, Lady Alice, if you were to cast me from your house the next hour. Listen to me. Captain Dacre did not confide in me till I had myself discovered his secret. Could I help it? Was it possible to be blind, even child that I was, to his entire devotion to you, his hanging on every look and movement of yours, his bright face when you spoke to him, his sad gloom when you were estranged or far from him, or when perhaps the knowledge of the distance between you came over his thoughts? And then, when he was with me, he could not help speaking of you, alluding to you, for his whole heart and soul were full of you. Lady Alice Compton, you are rich and great, but you have no possession so precious, no jewel so bright and true, as that man's noble, deep love."

Alice's eyes had rested on her as if spell-bound. Could that child-face, those youthful lips, express such passionate feeling and high-toned sentiments, that shamed her own wavering, capricious nature to scorn. The latent conviction that the foundling was far superior to herself in loftiness of soul dawned irresistibly on her, though she would not confess it even to herself.

"Olivia, you are a strange child," she said, slowly; "I would fain hope you are at least truthful and honest; but you speak of a time long past. It does not apply to the facts of the present. I do not pretend to tell you what might have been, or what might be now, my conduct to Captain Dacre, were he indeed all that you represent. Perhaps I scarcely know myself what would be my decision; but as it is, there is but one positive fact. He does not intend even to pay me the poor respect of bidding me farewell—of giving me a chance to express my last intentions. It is scarcely becoming thus to speak to, or to confide in you, Olivia; but you have, in a manner, forced it from me; and I would have you tell Captain Dacre that I brook neither insult nor slight."

The girl flashed defiance in her very attitude as she spoke. Olivia listened sadly; not that she doubted Algernon's truth and his constancy to that proud, wayward girl, but a conviction flashed over her that, whether successful or not, his love for that fitful, impulsive creature could never bring happiness to his life.

"I only ask that you should hear him," she said. "I would pledge my life for his truth."

Ah, little did Olivia know, as she spoke the words, what might be the test to which they might be applied, and how near it might be!

Lady Alice listened, calmly and attentively; but for some moments she did not speak. Then she suddenly inquired: "Is this your first letter from Captain Dacre, Olivia?"

The girl was thoughtful for a moment. Then she said, "No, Lady Alice; I heard from him once before, but only once, since he left the Castle."

Lady Alice's face darkened. She had never received one since Algernon left her.

"And you answered this letter?" she said.

"I did," replied Olivia, steadily; "for it was necessary to let him know the truth. So long as Sir Geoffrey Dacre remained here, he had determined never to come, and risk by his presence, 'a scene which would be alike unbecoming and painful.' Such were his words, Lady Alice; and I had intended to let him know so soon as Sir Geoffrey left, as he knew that it was not for him to dictate the measure of your guests' visits. Oh, Lady Alice, his is a delicate and self-sacrificing as well as a true heart."

Had Lady Alice been left to her own unassisted judgment, she might have submitted to the pleading and the truthful force of Olivia's words; but, unhappily, the allusion to Geoffrey Dacre recalled his words, his dark hints as to Algernon's unworthiness. If there were no disgraceful secret—if he had nothing to fear—why should he shrink from meeting Geoffrey Dacre face to face?

Thus, when she spoke again, her face and manner were hard.

"It is well, Olivia," she replied. "At least, I will hope that you meant well in the matter; and that, if you have erred, it is from a pardonable amount of zeal and love for your preserver; but, for your own sake and his, I would entreat you to leave any useless and improper interference in his affairs and mine. I shall know how to act, if Captain Dacre gives me a proper opportunity for decision. If he does not, it is for him to take the consequences. Be assured that I shall not stir one finger, or say one word, to induce him to act as becomes a man of honor and a gentleman. Now leave me. I must take these letters to the earl. Remember what I have said. I should like to preserve my kindly feelings and affection for you, Olivia."

Lady Alice leant back in her chair, shading her face with her hand, and Olivia rose, and silently left the room. She was too proud to risk further humiliation by pleading uselessly with that jealous, unjust nature.

"Would that I had never seen him!" cried Lady Alice, passionately, when she was alone; "or that I had resisted the temptation of loving him!"

Then by slow degrees her thoughts traveled from Algernon to Geoffrey, and to that other scene, when he, the elder brother, then utterly unknown to her, had, at the risk of his own life, saved her—when, in mere childish heedlessness and wantonness, she had run the dread peril of death while bathing with others perhaps as heedless, but more fortunate than herself. The incident had almost passed from her mind, and even Geoffrey's advent scarcely recalled it to her memory, for the change in his whole aspect and manner was so decided, and her remembrance of her preserver so confused and misty, that it was only when he alluded to the fact that she could identify her preserver with the heir of Dacre Abbey.

Lady Alice had drunk in superstition, as it were, with her very infant nutriment, and she recalled an old saying of her nurse's as to the evil that was sure to result to the preserver, or the preserved, after an escape from drowning. Would it be so in this case? Would Geoffrey Dacre work her woe?—or would she be the innocent means of bringing sorrow to his life? The very idea, to her romantic mind, gave a kind of interest to her dark lover; for, that Geoffrey was a lover, and would ere long be a sutor for her hand, it needed not words to prove. She lingered for some minutes as these thoughts darted rapidly through her mind. She almost forgot the self-imposed duty of conveying the letters to her father, till the chimes of her timepiece recalled her to its tardy fulfillment. Then quickly arranging her disordered hair and dressing her face in its accustomed smiles, she proceeded to the earl's dressing-room.

"Ah, my little damask-rose!" he exclaimed, fondly, on her entrance, "I began to think you had forgotten me; but you are not my first visitor, so the time has not seemed so—Why, my pet, what a bloom the announcement has brought to your cheek! I suspect you guess the name of your predecessor in the morning's audience."

The earl was evidently much gratified by some recent event; and Alice's first idea that Olivia had frustrated her visit to the earl at once vanished.

"Indeed I cannot, papa," she said; "but I am glad you have been amused. The post-bag was so late, and Olivia wanted to ask me a question, that detained me still longer."

"Well, well, it is all right, my darling," said her father. "I have been talking of you, if not with you; and I think you can pretty well imagine with whom."

Lady Alice's face flushed painfully. Could it be that her fate must be so soon decided? Must she elect her destiny while yet so doubtful as to the wisdom of her choice?

"I see I am not mistaken, my dear," said the earl, fondly. "You could scarcely misinterpret Sir Geoffrey's manner to you, and he has this morning sought an interview with me, to ask my consent to his suit. My dear child, do not look so scared; there is nothing to alarm or distress my daughter in the matter. All that Sir Geoffrey wished was to place before me the advantage of his offer. His own ancient name, much as he values it, he is content, for love of you, to place second to our own. He would make one home for us all, either at our own favorite residence, or his own honored abbey, so that I should not lose the light of my very life from my remaining years. And, in short, while possessing the advantages of rank and wealth that are at least sufficient to make him an eligible connection he will yield to all that I most fondly desire in your marriage. My daughter shall never be constrained in her choice; but I confess that I would earnestly wish that so desirable an opportunity for solving the question that has pressed on me so heavily of late should not be rejected."

Lady Alice had listened, while yet her thoughts were wandering in many a channel which was intimately connected with this dreaded subject. She contrasted Sir Geoffrey's apparent devotion, and honor and truth, with Algernon's disregard of her summons to her side—his refusal even to encounter one distasteful or dreaded interview for her sake. Then, too, there was, by Algernon's own confession, a cloud on his fate, and, by the absolute declaration of his brother, disgrace and shame. Was she, the long-descended heiress of the Comptons, to risk so much for one so regardless of the long sacrifices and the labor that such a prize might well entail ere it was won? The proud blood rushed wildly through her veins at the very thought. If she, the heiress of a proud title and of countless wealth, could ever stoop to select the humblest of her admirers, he, in return, might well sacrifice far more than a transient pain for her sake.

Lord Ashton watched his child intently. It was a matter that he had much at heart—though, to do the old man justice, he would not have willingly put a constraint on her inclinations, or imperiled her happiness, for his own gratification.

"Alice, my child," he said, "will you not confide in me? I must be both father and mother in your case, my darling; and when the whole future of my precious one is at stake, it is no time for delicacies. I have sometimes fancied that you had felt too keen an interest in the younger brother of the man whom I have selected for your husband, so far as my choice goes. I cannot wonder at it, for he is attractive, and the service he rendered you was sufficient to interest a young and generous mind. But, my child, it is utterly impossible. On no consideration could I consent to your even dreaming of such a union."

Alice started; the words entirely corroborated what she had heard from Geoffrey on her birthday, and strengthened the painful doubts that had been torturing her. Yet, by a sort of spirit of opposition, the old love for Algernon seemed to revive in more intensity from the prohibition thus pronounced.

"Papa," she said, firmly, "I will be candid with you. It is not for your daughter to resort to any subterfuge when such a topic is discussed. I do prefer Captain Dacre to any one whom I have yet met; and unless my opinion of him has cause to change, I would still hold firmly by that declaration."

"My child, it is impossible," exclaimed her father. "It would be to bring disgrace on our line, to humble our lofty pride to the dust, and to cast away the fairest maiden of our ancient race on one who may perhaps deserve pity, but certainly not such a sacrifice at your hands."

Lady Alice crimsoned as she replied, "Papa, if I am worthy to hold the lands and the rank which, I trust, may long, long be withheld from me, I am worthy of your entire confidence. What has Algernon Dacre done? What is the stigma to which you allude?"



"My darling," said the earl, looking embarrassed, "it is no tale for your ears. Can you not trust your father?"

"I can," she replied. "But still, where the whole happiness and honor of my life are involved, you may surely pardon me if I wish to judge in some way for myself. I confess to you, with all frankness, my real feelings. Pardon me if I expect and ask a similar candor and trust from you."

Lord Ashton gazed with a gratified pride on his child's bright, truthful face. There was no womanly coquetry, no girlish weakness, even where such a subject was in question. He scarcely guessed the volcanic passions under the calm exterior; he only exulted in the worthiness of his young, beautiful daughter.

"Yes, Alice, I can, I will trust you," he said, "but only on one condition, and that is, that you preserve my communication in strict confidence. It was a painful revelation for a son and brother, and a descendant of an ancient line, to make; and it is only due to him and to ourselves to preserve it sacred."

"To all but Algernon himself," said Alice. "If he demands the reason of my change of purpose he shall hear it. If it is one that warrants my casting off every thought of one I have hitherto esteemed and loved, and if he knew that it existed, it is but fit that he should be covered with shame at his own treachery to me."

"That is my Alice once more," said the earl—"my brave little Alice. Be it so, then, my dear; but it must be by letter such communication must be made. I will not have you harassed by his sorrow and shame, or the useless denials that he may perhaps attempt of its truth. Alice, darling, pure, truthful girl that you are, you can scarcely comprehend or realize your own sex's weakness and frailty; but such things do exist. The mother of Geoffrey and Algernon Dacre was not worthy of their ancient lineage, and she disgraced it. Algernon has no real claim to bear the name he is permitted to use, rather from consideration for the honor of the family, and in compassion to his mother, than from any doubt as to the fact. Now do you understand that one thought more of such an alliance would be weakness, folly, and worse than folly?"

"And he knew it!" she cried, her face flushing hotly—"he knew this? Tell me, papa, tell me the truth. It cannot, perhaps, affect the future; but it does affect my feelings to one whom I did prize."

Her voice was low with the hardly-suppressed tempest of mingled feelings that raged and struggled within her.

The earl was a man of honor and probity. He would not have willingly wronged any one by a false or an exaggerated accusation; yet it must be confessed that he did feel a perhaps censurable and unjust satisfaction in the reply that would be most favorable to his wish.

"For years, Alice, he has known it," he said. "It was the cause of his exile from his home, and of his disinheritance. Sir Rupert could scarcely tolerate in his presence one whose existence was a long and living source of agony and shame."

Alice trembled, but neither with fear nor grief. For the moment, all those softer passions, and the agonizing sorrow, of which she was fully capable, were swallowed up in the sterner and more tumultuous resentment which swelled and struggled within her; she felt insulted, deceived. All faith, even in Algernon's love, left her; it was no disinterested affection that had led him to her feet, it was the consciousness of his own disgrace—the desire to cover his shame and his poverty by winning a noble and wealthy bride, and taking advantage of her generous weakness to press his suit. She could not speak—she could scarcely even think, in that first tumult of rage and humiliation.

"Papa," she said, rising hastily, and moving toward the door, "I must be alone, and think for a little time. Be satisfied; your daughter will not disgrace her family or herself."

The earl would have detained and soothed her by caresses and praises, and by the natural indignant blame of a man who had been thus guilty of a base deception toward one so loved as his darling daughter; but she could not endure it; the fiery nature would have blazed and chafed under the oil thus poured upon it. She must exhaust herself in the eruption of her strong passion, ere she could listen to the tenderest or the wisest voice.

Lord Ashton kissed her fondly, and then permitted her to depart. She walked slowly on, preserving her composure so long as she was in his presence; but no sooner had the door closed behind her, than she fled rather than ran to her own apartments, and casting herself on the floor beside the couch, she abandoned herself to unbridled grief, for Alice Compton had indeed a Southern nature under that Southern aspect; fierce to resent, hasty to judge, and impetuous to suffer: such was the heiress of Ashton, the beloved idol of Algernon Dacre.

At last, the tempest exhausted itself by its own violence, and she began to think more calmly. She could scarcely doubt that Algernon had eagerly, impetuously desired her hand; whether he had loved her disinterestedly was quite another question. As her fury calmed, a conviction that he had cherished a real affection for her dawned irresistibly on her mind. He had betrayed too forcibly the attraction she possessed for him, and allowed his devotion to display itself too involuntarily and naturally for her to really condemn him as an actual fortune-seeker; but, in the morbid and poisoned state of her mind at that instant, she turned that very assurance into blame and gall. If he had really cherished one spark of true and honorable attachment for her, how dared he contemplate the dragging her down into such an abyss of shame from the high estate in which he found her? How could he deceive her by such base affectation of noble self-sacrifice and abnegation? She recalled many a veiled allusion, many a hint, that she had implicitly believed at

the moment, and interpreted as a restrained and nobly suppressed indignation against a much-injuring and unscrupulous brother. It was shameless—insulting in any case. Either he loved her not, or his love was too intensely selfish to be valued by any but the weakest and the poorest spirited among women. Let a founding, an obscure founding like Olivia, accept and value such homage. It should be scorned and revenged as it deserved by the heiress of the Ashtons.

With the thought of Olivia came a new and strange phase of her mood; an extraordinary jealousy of the founding took possession of her mind; a fancy that Algernon loved her in secret, and that she, child that she was, returned that attachment, pierced her heart like a dagger. It was perhaps the surest proof of her own real love for the unfortunate son of the unhappy Maud Dacre, that the very idea of his marrying any one but herself stung her to frenzy. At least, that should never be; she would so guard the orphan under her charge, that any present communication would be impossible; and long ere Algernon could return from the distant travels on which he had assured the girl he was departing, Olivia's destiny would be fixed.

Such were Lady Alice's vague plans and determinations for the future, but the present must be first acted on, first arranged; and, with a resolute effort, she stilled the surging waves of desultory and agitated thought, and throwing herself into the chair, which was her usual resting-place, she began to lay her plans for the present decision on which she was called on to determine. It was a terrible struggle. Her heart, though proud, untrained, exacting and imperious, was yet ardent, and in a degree true. She had loved, she still loved Algernon as she would never feel love again for any human being. His image rose up before her with maddening vividness and overpowering attraction.

At that moment of pride and passion her heart yearned toward Algernon with agonizing tenderness. She felt in her inmost soul that she could have been happier with him in a lowly cottage than with Geoffrey in the palatial halls to which she was heiress. Still, she would marry Geoffrey—not for her father's sake and in compliance with his earnest desire, but for revenge. Nothing could be more piercing to Algernon's soul than such a step. To see the heiress he had courted, the woman he professed to worship, the bride of the brother he hated—to think of his elevation to the pinnacle of rank and happiness, while he, the disinherited, the disgraced, the nameless one, was left to obscurity, poverty and loneliness, was a refined torture that could not be exceeded. And it should be inflicted. He had not shrunk from inflicting all the agony she was now enduring, and risking the disgrace from which she had escaped. Why should she hesitate in this just retribution for such undeserved injuries? But there must be no time wasted. He might arrive any day, any hour. Her father had desired that no personal communication should pass between them; but it should be a condition of her acceptance of Sir Geoffrey that this prohibition should be rescinded. She would see him once more, reproach him with brief, crushing words for his treachery, and send him forever from her presence.

So subtle is love, and so tortuous the windings of a woman's heart, that Alice was scarcely aware how strongly a desire to see Algernon once more, and to give him perhaps one chance of vindicating himself, mingled with her sterner purpose. At least she did long to witness the effect the discovery she had made would produce on his feelings and look and manner.

Was he wholly hardened? Did he love her sufficiently to be crushed under her disdain, and value honor sufficiently to despair at its loss? She would judge for herself, and perhaps give him some poor grains of pardon and comfort if she saw that the punishment was greater than he could bear.

Once more she effaced, as well as was in her power, the traces of her fearful agitation, and again walked steadily to the earl's apartments.

Lord Ashton had a troubled, anxious look as she entered. He had not dared to disturb her in the solitude for which she prayed; but vague fears of the effect of the intelligence he had shared with her had by degrees assumed a gigantic terror, and he was on the point of seeking her, when she opened the door, and came up to him with that white, fixed look, that betokened such determined and such broken-hearted purpose.

#### PLUMS FROM BOOKS.

How to utilize volcanoes, and make the "fiery abyss" conducive to comfort and the *doce far niente*, is pleasantly, not to say sensuously, illustrated by Lieutenant Meade in his recent book, "A Ride Through New Zealand." His journey lay nearly from north to south across the centre of the northern or unsettled island of the New Zealand group. Sailing from Auckland, he landed at Tauranga, and presently striking inland, bore along the singular line of volcanic agency which fills the country for sixty or seventy miles with hot springs, lakes and geysers; until, far in the southwest, the subterranean forces culminate in the huge volcano of Tongariro, the legendary centre of the aboriginal race. At Lake Rotomua, Lieutenant Meade describes a native settlement which must be almost unique in the singularity of its position and surroundings:

"The whole village is built on a thin crust of rock and soil, roofing over one vast boiler. Hot springs hiss and seethe in every direction, some spouting upward and boiling with the greatest fury, others merely at an agreeable warmth. From every crack and crevice spout forth jets of steam or hot air, and the open bay of the lake itself is studded far and near with boiling springs and bubbling steam-jets. So thin is the crust on which these men have built their little town and lived for generations, that in most places, after merely thrusting a walking-stick into the ground beneath our feet, steam instantly followed its withdrawal."

Life, however, appears to transact itself pleasantly enough on the brink of the volcano:

"In an open space in the middle of the settlement stone fires have been laid down, which receive and

retain the heat of the ground in which they are sunk. This is the favorite lounge; and here at any hour of the day, but especially when the shades of evening are closing round, all the rank and fashion of Ohine-mutu may be seen wrapped in their blankets, luxuriously reclining on the warm stones."

Natural warm baths—or rather, one great natural warm bath in the lake—add to the pleasures of the place, which is perhaps destined, centuries hence, to be to that region what Bala was to the inhabitants of ancient Italy. The whole population is to be found here at evening, and we can well understand that the sight was one not to be easily forgotten. Songs and shouts of laughter from the players in some game came across the steaming water; the old men sat up to their chins in the lake, smoking in solemn conclave; the girls formed a ring "in very shallow water;" and old Ulysses, would have certainly imagined that he had found the Nymphs or Nereids themselves among these youthful beauties, singing their wild song with graceful gestures, and "the moonlight streaming over their well-shaved busts and raven locks." Meantime, a vast geyser within view sent its white wreaths forty or fifty feet into the air every few minutes, while the voices of the maidens were hushed before the sound of the rushing steam, and the fountain rose clear and high beneath the moonlight against the dark ranges of the distant hills and the depths of southern sky. As singular and as charming a combination of interests, one would say, as a traveler has ever been fortunate enough to witness!

#### A DISLIKE OF TWINS.

A DISLIKE of twins is widely distributed. In the island of Bali, near Java, the natives "have the singular idea, when a woman is brought to bed of twins, that it is an unlucky omen; and immediately on its being known, the woman, and her husband and children, are obliged to go and live on the seashore, or among the tombs, for the space of a month, to purify themselves, after which they may return into the village upon a suitable sacrifice being made. Thus an evidence of fertility is considered by them unfortunate, and the poor woman and her new-born babes are exposed to all the inclemency of the weather out of doors, just at the time when they need the most attention." This idea is, however, far from being peculiar to that island. Among the Khasias of Hindoostan, "in the case of twins being born, one used frequently to be killed; it is considered unlucky and also degrading to have twins, as they consider that it assimilates them with the lower animals." Among the Ainos of Japan, when twins are born, one is always destroyed. At Arebo, in Guinea, Smith and Bowman tell us that when twins are born, both they and the mother are killed. "In Niguru, one of the sister provinces to Unyanyembe, twins are ordered to be killed and thrown into the water the moment they are born, lest drouths and famines or floods should oppress the land. Should any one attempt to conceal twins, the whole family would be murdered." The American Indians also, upon the birth of twins, killed one; perhaps merely under the idea that one strong child was better than two weak ones.

#### MARVELS OF DISCOVERY.

The new sedative, chloral, forms a compound with the soda of the blood, producing decomposition of that fluid, and rendering cases of hemorrhage intractable.

For some time past electricians have been trying to discover a way to send two messages at the same time along a single wire. We understand that the problem has been solved by Mr. C. F. Varley, who has devised a method by which four currents at once can be delivered by a single wire.

PROFESSOR WINNECKE, at Karlsruhe, in Baden, discovered a new comet on the 25th of November last. Its position is stated as follows: November 23, 6 hours, 30 minutes, R. A., 190 degrees, 26 minutes; declination, 3 degrees, 30 minutes. The comet is very clear, of a round disk, and it has a diameter of  $2\frac{1}{2}$  minutes.

The Philadelphia *North American* makes a statement of considerable importance if it shall be sustained. It declares that American steamships develop one-horse power hourly with but 1.54 pounds of coal, while the English use 2.66 pounds to produce the same result. Here is a six per cent. hourly advantage in our favor in fuel.

MR. WIDEMANN, of the New York Oxygen Gas Company, states that the use of oxygen in renewing and increasing the flow of oil in petroleum wells has been so successful, that a regular trade has sprung up in oxygen gas for this purpose. The gas is injected into the wells through tubes, and, mingling with the hydrocarbon vapors, forms an explosive mixture, which, when ignited, completely opens seams which have become clogged, and thus renews the flow.

ARE THE TWO SIDES OF THE BRAIN ALIKE?—Dr. Brown-Séquard thinks not. In the course of his remarks, at the British Association at Liverpool, he said that the series of experiments he had made upon different animals led him to the belief that the right side of the brain was more important for organic life than the left side. Although the two sides of the brain were precisely alike when the animals were born, by greater development of the activities one side came to be quite different from the other.

A VERY curious influence exerted by heat upon diamonds has been noticed at the works at St. Helen's, recently visited by the British Association. When a diamond is used to cut hot glass, the diamond will only last for one day, and it assumes a milky appearance. The diamonds in constant use for cutting cold glass last about three months. Each diamond costs from \$8 to \$12, and is about three times the size of an ordinary glazier's diamond. Hot glass is cut more readily than cold glass.

SCIENTIFIC men suspect the existence of a connection between the working of electro-magnetic forces on the earth and the spots on the sun. The supposition is upheld by a chain of circumstantial evidence of considerable strength. There seem to be recurring periods in which the spots are extraordinarily numerous. There seem to be recurring periods in which the magnetic forces of the earth are extraordinarily active and auroras are remarkably abundant and brilliant. The two periods correspond in terms of from ten to eleven years each. The sun-spots of 1869 were never exceeded for number, and there were auroras nearly all the time. In 1869 there were likewise many sun-spots and many auroras. On the 1st of September of that year, two English astronomers looking at the sun observed great and sudden commotions among the spots and intensely bright patches of light flashing in the midst of them. At the same instant a tremendous magnetic storm began all over the earth. It was marked by the interruption of telegraphic lines and by other signs. In England, in Norway, in Australia, in the United States, in the West Indies, in South America. At night, every part of the world where the aurora is ever seen was illuminated by it in the most magnificent style.

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

PEORIA has a buffalo meat-market.

ST. LOUIS drinks daily six thousand gallons of lager.

THE British Parliament will meet on February 2d.

PHILADELPHIA gains fifteen thousand by its amended census.

SIXTY newspapers on the Pacific coast have failed during 1870.

THE Southern freedmen own nearly six hundred school-houses.

THE improved ten-pins set themselves up automatically with a spring.

THE "Dunkards" are becoming liberalized, and have established a college at Bourbon, Ind.

A MAN who catches ducks with the grill-net lately bagged 482 in three days on Long Island.

WHAT Mr. Greeley "Knew about Farming" came to an end in the Christmas number of the *Tribune*.

A BERLIN prophet in the publishing business issues "A Guide-Book for the Victorious Troops in Paris."

A THREE-CARET diamond of \$500 value, found in the Arizona gold-mines, has been brought to San Francisco.

THE can-can flourishes in Australia. That is, they can can 1,000 sheep daily in one Sydney meat-preserving establishment alone.

DURING seven hours' work, four men have taken out seven thousand pounds of silver ore, worth \$5,000, from a pocket in Cariboo Mine.

CHINAMEN now go back from California alive, instead of preserved; a late steamer returned 600, in a sufficiently vital state to be sea-sick.

THE census-takers have discovered a lady in Indiana who is happy and contented in the name of Jane Juliette Isalina Araminta Musidora Peaks.

A MARBLE lottery, with a first prize of 10,000 marbles, is set up in a school at Grass Valley, Cal., and forms a sequel to the Opera House scheme.

THE French Government have purchased from E. Mann, shoe manufacturer at Milford, Mass., fourteen thousand knapsacks, to make army boots of.

A LOUISVILLE will bequeath \$20,000 to be distributed among the orphan children of Virginia soldiers who died in the service of the Confederate States.

SEVERAL objects found in different parts of the Republic of Mexico lead to the conjecture that negroes existed in America a long time before the conquest.

BOSTON liquor-dealers have been lading imported liquor on to coasters, out in the offing, so as to bring it into port free of duty. The British custom marks were effaced.

VENICE, opposite St. Louis, is about to set up a joint stock tannery and shoe-factory, to employ six hundred hands. The tanning will be done by the vacuum process.

GREECE possesses fifteen universities and one hundred and fourteen public grammar schools. Ninety-four professors teach in the former, two hundred and thirty-six masters in the latter.

IN Madrid, December 20th, Minister Sagasta assured the Cortes that the Government was willing to submit American reclamations, arising from the events in Cuba, to a mixed commission for settlement.

A HUNTED deer, in Caithness, Scotland, recently leaped from a headland one hundred and eighty feet high into the North Sea, and swam two miles out before it was caught and killed by a Dunbeath crew.

THE total tax to be collected from the real estate, personal property and banks in the city and county of New York this winter, is \$23,567,127.71. Of this the personal tax is \$5,189,475.48, and that assessed upon the banks \$1,689,120.23.

THE Ute Indians, having been supplied by Governor McCook with oxen and breeding cows, are now delighted with a plethora of butcher's meat, and are more abundantly supplied with marketing than the citizens of Boston or New York.

AN eclipse fell upon the prospects of the scientific expedition sent out in the war-steamer *Psyche* to observe the adumbration of December 22d. She foundered in the Mediterranean. The scientific instruments were saved by the crew.

GEORGE WITTLES, a seaman, had his neck broken and body paralyzed by a fall down the hatchway of a vessel last October, and died last week, having presented the remarkable spectacle of a living head on a dead body for forty-nine days.

COLONEL LONG has, with boats, removed from the bed of the Mississippi 680 snags; cut, of dangerous trees overhanging the bank of the river, 864; made 792 distinct dredgings to deepen the channel, and comprised in these labors a distance of 440 miles.

THE steamer *Caledonia*, which arrived at New York from Glasgow on December 26th, had on board a family of emigrants, consisting of a man and wife, their nineteen children, and the children's grandmother by the wife's side—an old lady of eighty-nine years.

It is stated that there are now over \$400,000 in capital, belonging to St. Louis merchants, tied up and useless, because of the closing of the canal at Louisville. The Iron Mountain company alone have nearly \$375,000 worth of ore which they cannot get to its proper market on the Ohio.

THE Imperial letter of introduction borne by the Japanese princes *en visite* to the United States, closes thus: "These tender youths go to an untried, perilous and distant field. Illustrate the fame of your country by the care of these princes. May we be hung together, or alike enjoy peace increasing."

THE remains of Rev. Albert Barnes, the most popular American commentator on the Scriptures, were buried at Laurel Hill, Philadelphia, December 28th, with an address by Rev. Thomas H. Skinner, and tributes by Bishop Stevens, Rev. John Chambers, Herrick Johnson, and Dr. Daniel Marsh.

C. P. SYKES, Esq., the able publisher of the *New York Daily Democrat*, resigned his position on that journal January 1st, 1871—the largely increasing circulation and business of *Pomeroy's Weekly Democrat* demanding his entire time and effort, as he retains his relation as publisher of that enterprising journal.

MR. WILLIAM WELSH, late chairman of the Board of Indian Commissioners, has exposed the profits of the Indian agents in Dakota. He found an agent selling Texas beef at 6¢, which cost him 2½¢ delivered. This lucky rogue's contract has amounted to \$450,000 in four months. Another man made \$300,000 profit on a contract for 25,000 sacks of flour.





NEW YORK CITY.—CHRISTMAS AT THE LADIES' MISSION, FIVE POINTS.—DISTRIBUTION OF BREAD TO THE CHILDREN.

### CHRISTMAS AT THE LADIES' MISSION, FIVE POINTS.

The children connected with the Ladies' Mission, at the Five Points, numbering nearly seven hundred, were treated to a grand festival on Monday afternoon, December 26th. At two o'clock the children filed, pretty quietly for the excitement of the day, into the spacious chapel, one end of which had been closed in with drapery. A huge fireplace had been constructed by the curtain, deep and broad enough for Santa Claus and all his family of holy-days to hold audience.

After several carols and hymns had been sung, the Superintendent, the Rev. James N. Shaffer, read to the children what purported to be a genuine letter from Santa Claus, explaining the difficulties which he encountered in descending the stove-pipes of the present day, and expressing his approval of the old-fashioned fireplace which had been set up in the chapel. Then there was a sound of sleigh-bells, and in a moment an oldish gentleman, dressed in furs and high buskins, descended the chimney amid the wildest excitement on the part of the children, and proceeded to distribute his wares, assuring his audience, with mock solemnity, that each one should have something, as his sleigh outside was well supplied.

Dr. J. Littig personated Santa Claus, and a more jolly representative could hardly be found. Miss Ella Shaffer, daughter of the Superintendent, received the presents from his hands, and passed them to Miss Helen Miles, an incessant worker for the Mission, who in turn distributed them to the children.

Every child received a present and an article of food during the afternoon. The attendance of friends of this pioneer Mission was large and very encouraging. Among many of our best known ladies, were noticed in particular Mrs. Ex-Governor Wright, Mrs. John A. Kennedy, Mrs. Dr. Olin, and Mrs. W. B. Skidmore.

### THE HON. JOSEPH H. RAINEY.

THE Hon. Joseph H. Rainey, who was sworn into the United States House of Representatives on the 12th of December, is the first colored man that has ever attained to a seat in this branch of our General Government. He succeeds the Hon. B. F. Whittemore, of South Carolina, who lately obtained notoriety from selling cadetships, and was elected to serve that person's unexpired term. He is a light mulatto, with straight hair, bushy side-whiskers and decidedly Caucasian features, and looks more like a Cuban than a negro. Mr. Rainey came forward at the request of the

Speaker, after his credentials had been presented, and amid perfect silence took the required oath. As he passed toward his seat in the

rear of the Hall, the Hon. Horace Maynard, of Tennessee, received him cordially. When he had reached his place, two or three of the

South Carolina members came over to congratulate him. His first vote was given in favor of General Banks's Santo Domingo resolution. He was born in Georgetown, D. C., where his father and mother were both slaves, and is about thirty-nine years of age.



HON. J. H. RAINEY, THE FIRST COLORED AMERICAN REPRESENTATIVE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

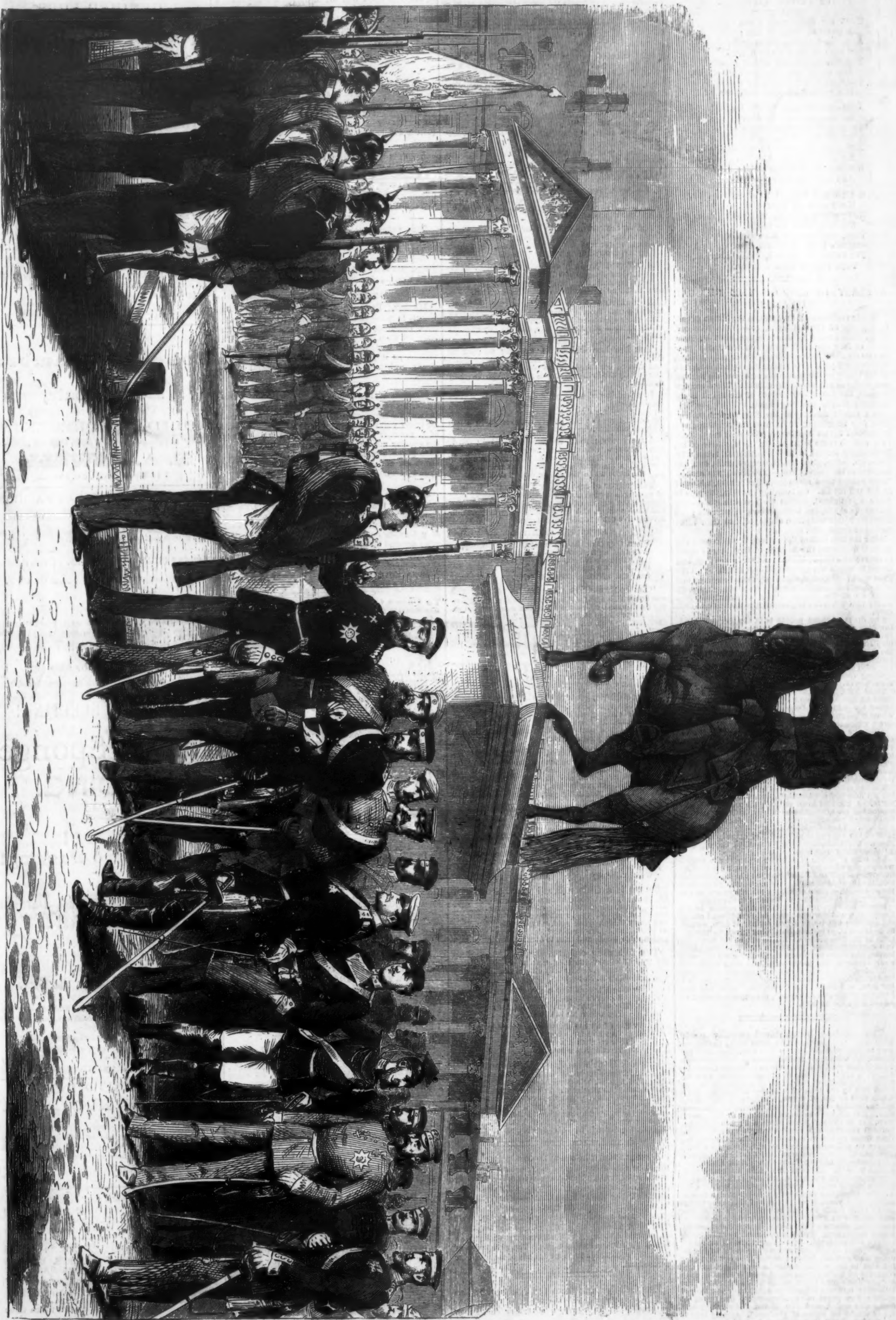
### THE UHLANDS FORAGING FOR SUPPLIES.

NAPOLEON'S motto, "Let war feed war," probably has never had more devout believers than the Prussian Uhlans, who travel in as light-marching order as is possibly conceivable, and whose next dinner or luncheon ever hangs in picturesque obscurity before them. What they can catch, however, is theirs, according to "the good old way, the simple plan, that they shall take who have the power, and they shall keep who can." It is not unreasonable, therefore, that on some days, as they sweep through the rich valleys of Provence, their usual precarious fast should be broken by the attributes of a feast: this is when the ducks of Farmer Jean Prudhomme, betraying themselves, like the geese of Rome, by crying from the wall, are coaxed out of their concealment with a shower of corn, and sabred as they emerge; or when the oxen of neighbor Jacques Bonhomme are driven back to camp, amid immense perplexities and difficulties on the part of the hardy foragers. For a day or two after these exceptional pieces of luck, the lean Uhlans grow fat and convivial; then—"tomorrow, to fresh woods and pastures new."

### DECORATING PRUSSIAN SOLDIERS AT VERSAILLES.

THE Prussians having availed themselves of the fairest French possessions, evidently "feel their captive's charms," and there can be no doubt but the brave fellows who have earned the decoration of the Cross on some hard-fought field of France value it the more from its reception on the stage already set for them, with a magnificent scene, by that theatrical king Louis XIV., who once so contemptuously swept up the borders of the Rhine with the skirt of his mantle. The royal Place at Versailles, with its statues, ancestral trees, and palace background, is one of the fairest sites for a pompous ceremony on the globe, and the poor private who, in such a spot, accepts the Cross from his Crown-Prince, receives along with it a proud memory that will outlast many a year of hard service, and remain still fresh and splendid after his return to the humble home in Swabia or the Black Forest.





FRANCE.—DISTRIBUTION OF ORDERS BY THE CROWN-PRINCE IN THE GRAND PLACE OF VERSAILLES.



## NINE O'CLOCK!

BY ARTHUR MATTHISON.

UPON my daily walk I see  
A painted wooden dial;  
A motto underneath is writ,  
"Step in and make a trial!"  
The fingers of that stupid clock  
Are fixed, and change they never,  
They go not forward, or return,  
But "nine o'clock" point ever!

And many a man in life I know  
As wooden as that dial,  
Though Fortune unfavoured calls,  
Steps in, and makes a trial!  
She points the way to mid-day bright,  
He sees her finger never,  
But keeps his hands before his face,  
And halts at nine forever!

O men and clocks! ye'er wooden be,  
Move ever on your dials,  
Ye'er stand ye still, while life glides by,  
Nor idly meet its trials!  
Thus, clocks meridian reach again;  
Man's gone, it comes back never!  
Yet better, harnessed, cease at noon,  
Than rust at nine forever.

## A FEAST IN ONE OF THE NICOBAR ISLANDS.

TO THE northwest of Sumatra, in the Indian Ocean, is a group of small islands, called the Nicobars. These little-known islands are inhabited by some three or four thousand savages of the Malay type; and no civilized men, either traders or missionaries, have found it possible to remain long upon the islands, owing partly to the barbarous nature of the natives, and partly to the unhealthy climate. There are few animals, but the woody surface of the island is extremely rich in tropical vegetation.

At a recent meeting of the Ethnological Society, some very interesting notes, from information given by Captain James Mackenzie, were read in reference to a visit to these islands. On the first day of Dr. Mackenzie's arrival in his bark Aallotar, laden with iron pots, calico, glass beads, bangles, axes, etc., one hundred of the natives came off to the ship in canoes. These canoes were made from tree-trunks, hollowed by fire and the ax. On boarding the ship, the pipe of peace was lighted, passed from mouth to mouth among the chiefs, and washed down with arrack; the goods for barter were then displayed, and their value settled in cocoa-nuts.

After the first visit of the natives, it was considered prudent to restrict the number of the future visitors to twelve at a time. Military duty was kept up, and armed sentinels were posted all over the ship; all the guns were kept loaded, and at night and morning one of the cannons was discharged. This was ultimately given up, at the urgent request of the chiefs, who stated that the noise frightened the women and children.

The dress of these people is of the simplest kind, the men wearing nothing more than a string or narrow piece of colored cloth round the waist, with a loop from back to front, and a long tail behind; and the women wearing a small mat apron. One of the men managed to get and strut about in an old black hat, such as is worn in Europe; and any old article of clothing that could be procured was immediately made use of.

Their huts, which are built like beehives, are all close to the shore, and elevated on poles ten feet above the surface. Access is gained by a ladder, which is taken inside in times of danger, and up and down which the native dogs run with facility.

After the commercial transactions had been concluded with the natives, Captain Mackenzie was invited on shore to a feast. He took the precaution to have the boat's crew fully armed, and landed at eleven o'clock at night, when the feast had commenced. Several parties of natives were dancing by torchlight, hand in hand, in a large circle, and singing to the music of the tum-tum; others were jumping up and down separately, but still preserving the circle. A pig had been recently killed, and circular sections of the flesh, fat and bloody, had been cut off, and placed round the necks of the dancers, like a necklace. They drank "toddy"—the intoxicating juice of the cocoa-nut palm—out of carved cocoa-nut shells. Dr. Mackenzie rightly described the orgie as a "most filthy spectacle."

The only evidence of religion amongst the people was a series of sticks thrust into the earth outside the huts, three-cleft and holding a young cocoa-nut at the top, like the "Aunt Salles" of our fairs. To appease the evil spirit, a piece of lighted tobacco or a pipe was thrust under the cocoa-nut, inserted in the cleft.

Before leaving, Dr. Mackenzie had reason to believe that a white woman was held captive on one of the islands; but he searched for her in vain, owing, as he thought, to information being given to the natives by the interpreters. Whilst searching, however, two copper-fastened boats were found hidden under leaves, and some European chests and clothing, with clear evidence that many ships had been taken and plundered, and their crews barbarously murdered. One of the interpreters at last got chased by the Nicobar men, and had to run for his life. After rescuing him, the ship immediately left, the captain fearing an attack from the natives.

The greatest benefactor humanity could have would be the man who could make known the way to live without eating and drinking, and put starvation among the impossibilities. Failing the arrival of this desirable personage, who can hardly be expected upon this side of the millennium, we must give a due share of the blessings we should bestow upon him to the man who teaches us how to subsist when food is out of reach, and how to put off the uncomfortable consequences of insufficient alimentation. But we have to thank not one man but several men. It is twenty years since a French observer pointed out that the Belgian miners worked harder than those of his own country, though they fed not nearly so well—not eating an average man's daily allowance. The secret was found to lie in their free indulgence in coffee; they each drank about two quarts a day. Disbelief met this announcement. Ten years later another doctor declared that he had kept a young man in working vigor for a week upon a daily allowance of about an ounce and a half of coffee. Ten years from the date of this essay brings us to 1870, when we find one physician in Smyrna, and another in France, trying upon themselves the sustaining effects of the roasted berry and its stimulating decoctions. From both quarters confirmatory results are reported. The Frenchman extended his experiments to tea and cocoa; the steps of his inquiry we need not follow; suffice it to say that they led him to the conviction that a man might live and conserve all his bodily powers for many months upon a daily allowance of an ounce and a quarter of the following mixture infused in a palatable quantity of water: Ten parts of cocoa-powder, five each of coffee and sugar, and two of tea. The cocoa and sugar might be eaten if preferred. Clearly this is the food material that ought to be laid in store by citizens anticipating a siege. Animals may take it as beneficially as men; a dog lived well for a week upon a short daily ration of a nearly similar mixture,

while a second dog of like size and breed famished upon a corresponding allowance of bread and butter. The coca leaf of High Peru, which in taste and effects closely resembles tea, is the great sustaining agent of the aboriginal inhabitants of that elevated bleak region.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

An affected singer at a Dublin theatre was told by a wag in the gallery to "come out from behind his nose, and sing his song like other people."

A LADY, who was not a Shakspearean scholar, hearing the "Merry Wives of Windsor" highly praised, inquired how many wives Mr. Windsor had.

The editor of an Arkansas paper, some years ago, indulged in an erratum, which reads as follows: "On first page, for 'dum-squize' read 'permanence.'"

"Will you take sunding?" said a German teetotaler to a friend, while standing near a tavern. "Don't care if I do," was the reply. "Well, den, let's dake a walk."

A SCHOOLGIRL was recently asked at an examination, by the gentleman, to tell him what Adam lost by his fall; and, when pressed, she replied, "I suppose it was his hat."

A GERMAN who went to hear Nilsson says he does not like her because she is so tall and slim. He wants a singer who looks like a "fadder-bed mit a string tied around her middle."

A BENEVOLENT lady of Lafayette, Ind., hearing that the failure to subdue the late fire was caused by defective hose, sent the chief engineer a pair of her own manufacture—lamb's wool, double heeled.

A CORRESPONDENT asks us what we think of late plowing. Plowing should not be continued later than ten or eleven o'clock at night. It gets the horses in the habit of staying out late, and unduly exposes the plow.

The heathen Chinese is making whisky in California by fermenting old rice and rubber shoes and things, and the revenue people are after him. The whisky made in this way is much sought after by suicides.

In speaking of a friend who possessed a very rubicund countenance, some one said the other day: "I don't think he drinks—in fact, I know he don't, for he told me so; but he probably sleeps in a bed with red curtains."

An eccentric man in Scotland lately died, and his will was broken on the ground of insanity. The decisive evidence was in the fact that he used to throw open his window every Sunday morning, and play the fiddle while the people passed to church.

The mayor of an interior Texas city, instead of issuing a proclamation against the dogs, goes through the streets with a double-barreled shot-gun and shoots them, and then charges the corporation seventy-five cents for each dead dog.

## AFTER THE ELECTION.

When they brought the returns in to Greeley, it is said he first swore—then said, really I think that's a beet—  
If it isn't I'll treat,  
Said the agricultural Greeley.

"De konkrekation vill please to sing the von dousandth and two'th psalm," said a Dutch parson (in Canada), as he gave out the morning hymn. "There are not so many in the book," responded the chorister. "Well, den, please sing so many as tare pe."

A COUNTRY editor lately announced an increase in his family, and in his justification of the event propounded the following conundrum: "What is the difference between editorial and matrimonial experience? In the former the devil cries for 'copy'; in the latter the 'copy' cries like the devil."

PUBLIC dinner orators should be careful how they express themselves. The other day the builder of a new church, now in course of construction, when the toast of his health was given, rather enigmatically replied that he was "more fitted for the scaffold than for public speaking."

A FRENCH priest recently declared that insurance was flying in the face of heaven. "To insure one's property," he said, "O my hearers, is a crime! Calamities of all sorts are chastisements from on high. If you insure your property you prevent God from punishing you, should He see fit to do so."

THE present state of Europe is thus curtly described:

Russia covets,	Denmark's palsied,
Turkey fears;	Spain is dead;
Austria ponders,	France lies bleeding,
Italy cheers,	Prussia soars;
Belgium—Holland,	Britannia shuts her eyes
Wait in dread;	And—snores!

THERE is a little railroad near Bayon Sara, La., that runs to Woodville on a very uncertain schedule. A strange came in the other day, and inquired how often that steam-car made trips to the country. The party interrogated said, "Tri-weekly." "What do you mean by tri-weekly?" The answer was, "It goes up one week, and tries to come down the next."

THE following epigram was lately found on the fly-leaf of a volume of "Harvey's Meditations Among the Tombs." The only clue to the authorship was the initials A. R.:

"Two Harveys had a separate wish  
To serve in their vocations—  
The one invented Sauce for fish,  
The other Meditations.

"Each had his pungent powers applied  
To serve the dead or dying;  
This relishes a sole when fried,  
That saves a soul from frying."

STEPHEN HALL's mother offered him \$30,000 to get a divorce from his wife. The wife saw the game, and agreed. Stephen brought charges which his wife's lawyer admitted. The two separated; Stephen got the \$30,000, and then recovered his wife. Mother brought suit. Stephen got a divorce by fraud without his wife's knowledge, and the old lady and the wife were both "out." Now Mrs. Hall sues to set aside the divorce, and Stephen is glad of it.

A FASHIONABLE house without a billiard-table would be considered almost as far behind the times as one without gas. The expense of a first-class table deters many from purchasing who really desire the article. In the parlor billiard-table—offered the public by C. H. Joslyn, No. 704 Broadway—will be found an admirable substitute for the costliest table. It is light, strong, handsomely finished, and may be placed on chairs or a table. The sides are fitted with rubber bands, permitting capital shots. The cheapness of the table commends it to all friends of this popular amusement.

THE belt leading from the fly-wheel of the large engine that drives the works in Battersea's building, Hartford, develops electricity enough to ignite a gaslight situated at least six feet from the belt. By presenting the knuckles of one hand to the belt, and the point of the finger of the other to the burner, the gas will be instantly ignited.

## INTERESTING TO LADIES.

HAVING used one for more than ten years, I am happy to say that the Grover & Baker Machine is the best for family use, in the market. For durability it cannot be surpassed, as will be seen in the fact that mine has required no repairs, though almost constantly in use.  
MRS. F. A. CRAFTS,  
Middletown, Ct.

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MESSERS. FISK & HATCH, Bankers, have issued, in pamphlet form, a Statement of the business, resources and finances of the Central Pacific Railroad, from the beginning to the close of 1870, which will be found interesting to capitalists and investors, as it presents a gratifying exhibit of the steady growth and success of this colossal enterprise.

MESSERS. WILSON & WOODROW's liquor warehouse, No. 84 Beaver street, New York, is stored with the choicest brands of wine. Mr. Joseph P. Wilson was for many years connected with the renowned house of A. Bininger & Co., and there are few persons in the country more familiar with the treatment of the pure grape-juice than he. His liquors, wines and cigars are of the highest quality, and may be relied upon by connoisseurs.

OWING to the great extent of their facilities, the firm of Freeman & Burr, Nos. 133-140 Fulton street, New York, were enabled to put upon their shelves in the fall a very large and varied assortment of gentlemen's clothing, so that they can answer every demand for articles of the highest styles during the winter. Their ready-made clothing is invariably strongly-finished, neat and fashionable. Special attention is given to custom-work, in which branch this firm holds a high rank.

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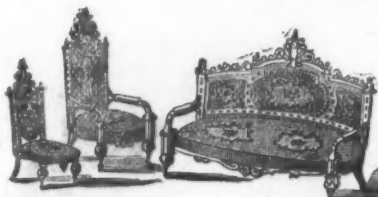
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Miles Operated.	Gross Earnings.	Op. Expenses.
1865..... 51 to 60	\$401,941.92	\$121,669.53
1866..... 55 to 64	864,917.87	200,710.61
1867..... 94 to 137	1,470,653.80	330,913.33
1868..... 137 to 443	2,300,767.17	843,106.54
1869..... 443 to 742	4,670,822.25	2,993,523.19
1870..... 742 to 900	7,920,710.98	4,060,564.95
Total.....	\$18,029,813.30	\$8,550,543.15

The following will show the Net Earnings, Interest, Liabilities and Surplus Earnings of each year for the same period:

Net Earnings.	Interest on Outstanding Bonded Debt.	Surplus of Net Earnings over Interest.
1865..... \$280,272.39	\$102,111	\$178,161
1866..... 664,206.96	125,380	538,826
1867..... 1,139,740.17	277,140	862,600
1868..... 1,457,600.63	995,010	462,590
1869..... 2,677,299.06	1,084,350	1,592,949
1870..... 5,060,146.03	1,600,320	3,459,826
\$10,079,265.24	\$4,134,221	\$5,945,044

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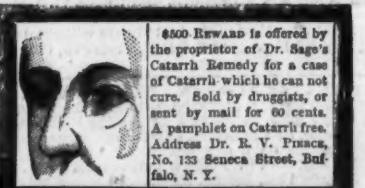
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